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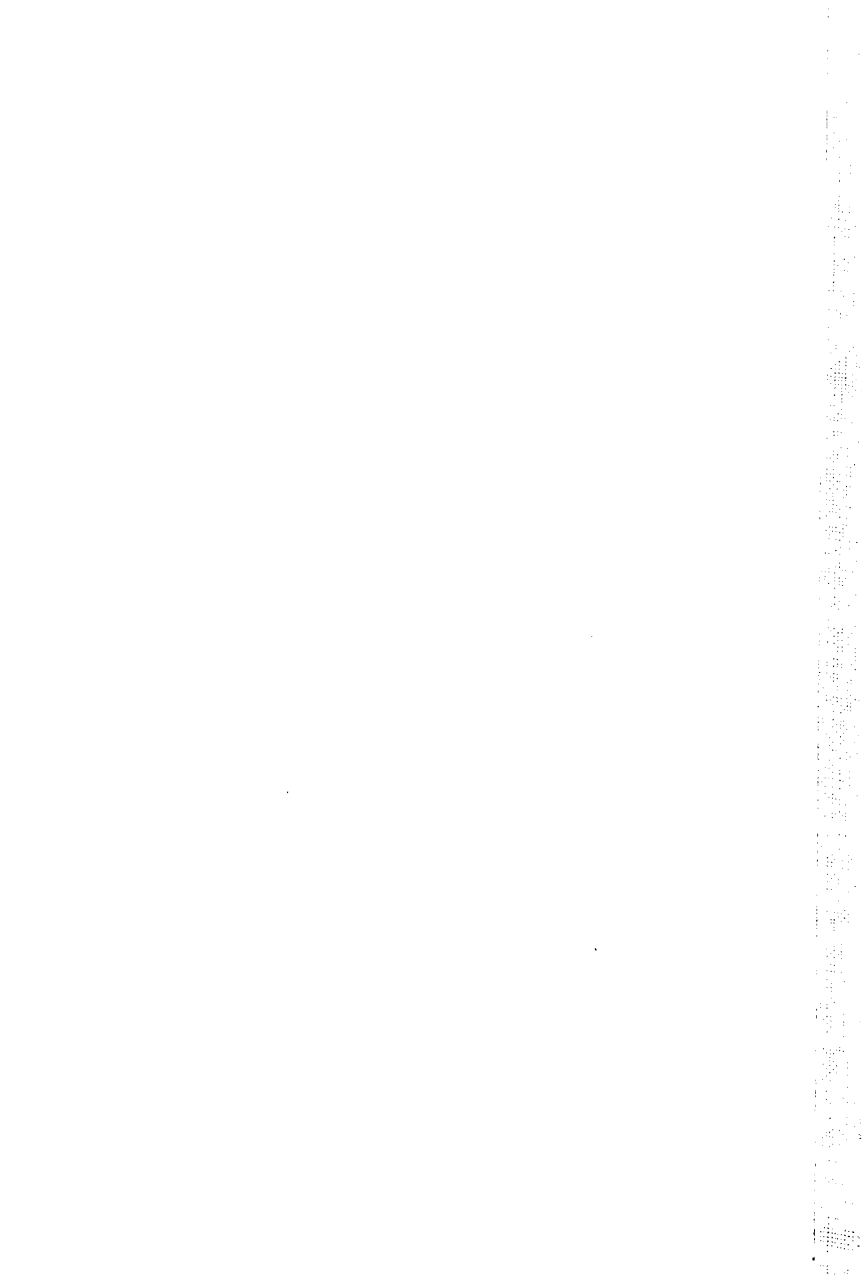
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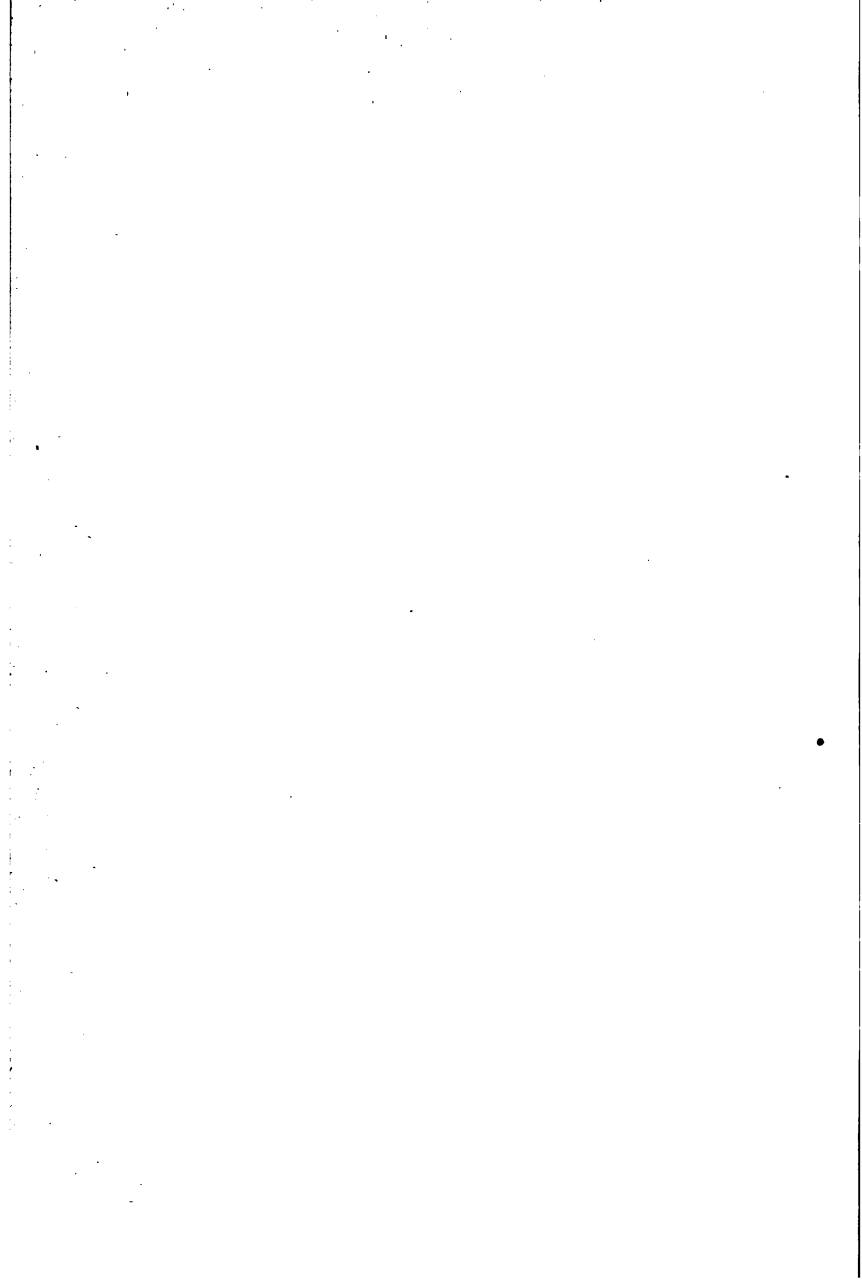
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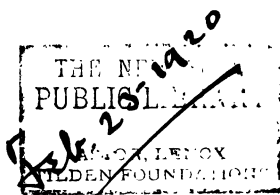
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RIDING TO WAR WITH "A"

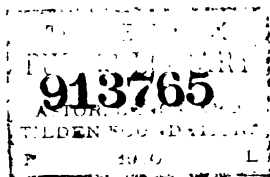
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OF THE 135th FIELD
ARTILLERY

BY
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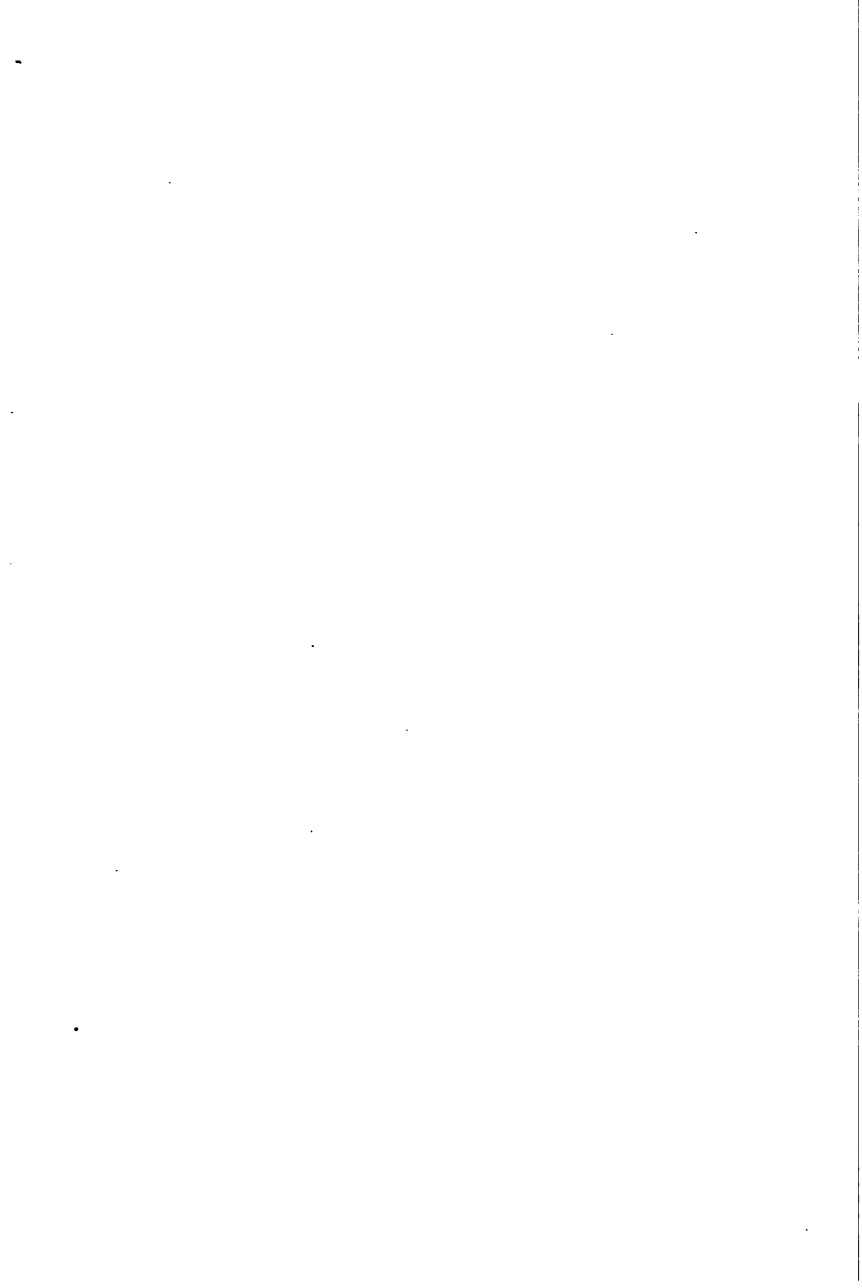
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**TO CAPTAIN IRVING C. BOLTON
WHO NEVER NEEDED HIS BARS TO GAIN
THE DEVOTED
LOYALTY OF HIS BOYS
THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED.**



FOREWORD



AS we look back at our army days, the passage of time tends more and more to make the activities of Battery "A" the experiences and accomplishments of a single unit. Grades and distinctions of authority are levelled. The "buck private in the rear rank" and the officer blend into one big "we" that means Battery "A". Individual tasks and actions all flow into one central, forward-sweeping current of achievement.

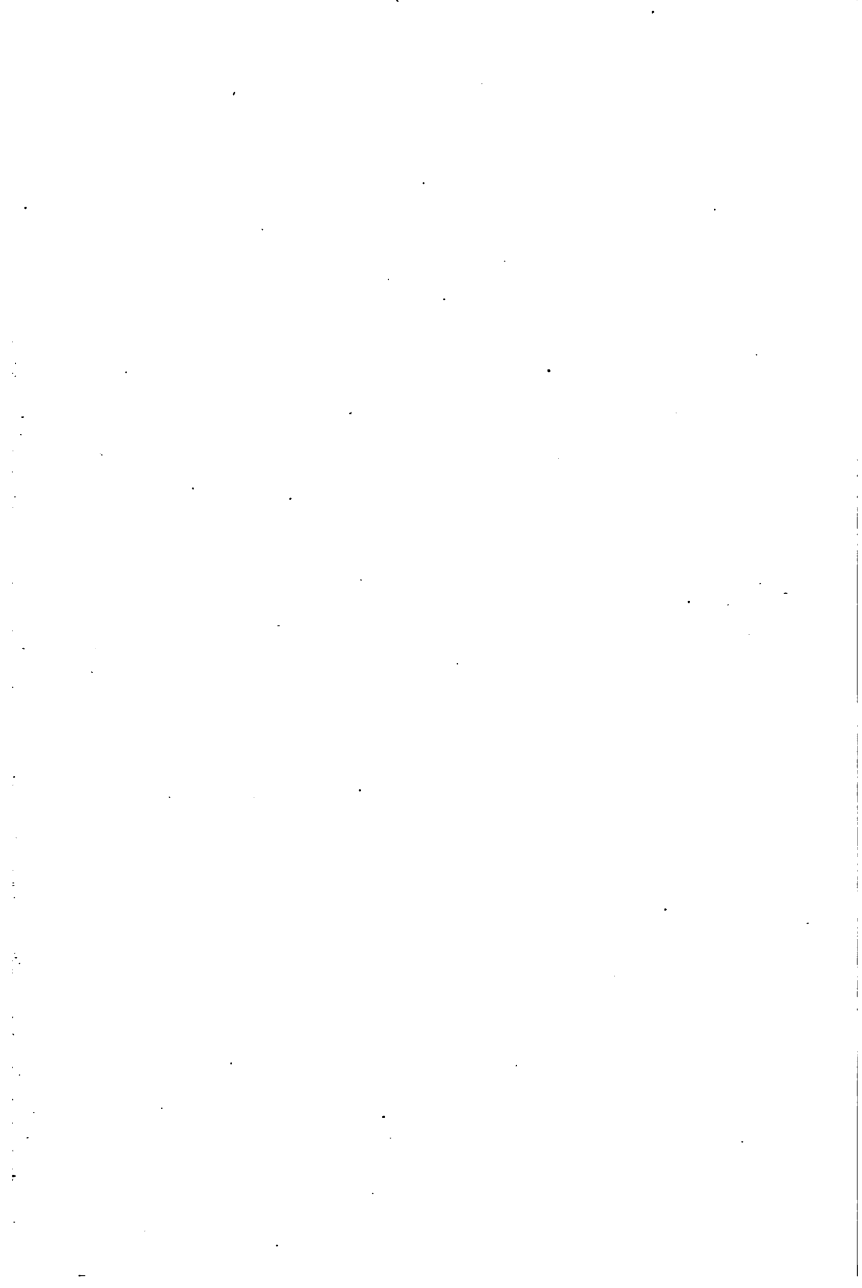
It is this central current that we have tried to follow in the ensuing pages, and it is this "we" that is used throughout to mean not only the Captain, but also the lowliest private, all working shoulder to shoulder to achieve a single purpose that would have been impossible without either.

Read, therefore, not the story of Sergeant Jones, or of "Permanent K. P. Smith", or of Section 4—but of Battery "A"—of "US".

If, in the writing of these short chapters, we have exaggerated in places, we have done so without intent. If we have understated, it was also without design. We submit the story neither for criticism nor praise, but with the sole purpose of keeping alive in our memories the main events of two red-blooded years that we wish neither time nor circumstance to sweep away.

F. R. W.

May 16th, 1919.



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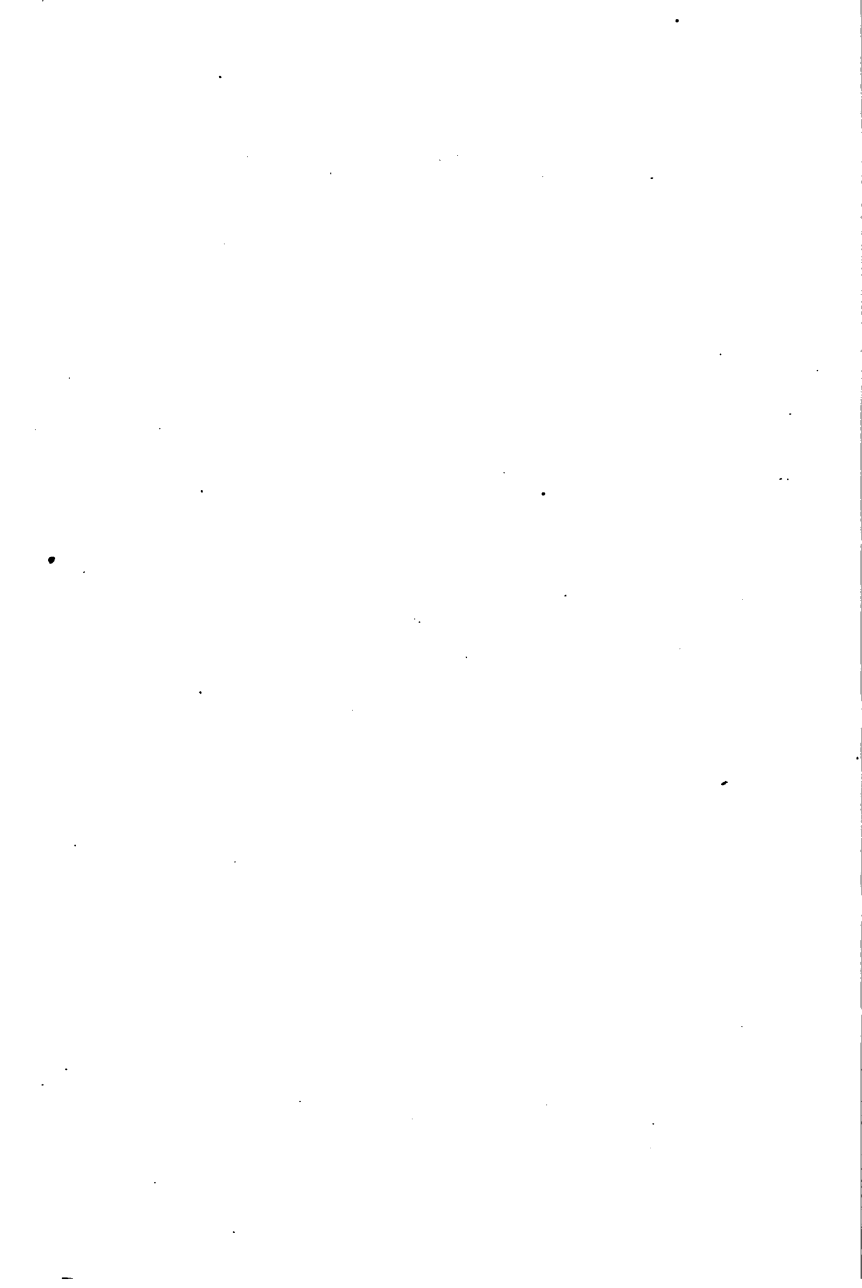
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IN MEMORIAM

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BATTERY ROSTER

* * *



RECRUITING BATTERY "A".

BY CAPT. IRVING C. BOLTON.



ROOP A, First Squadron Cavalry, Ohio National Guard, returned from its nine months' tour of duty on the Mexican Border at El Paso and Fabens, Texas, and were mustered out of the Federal Service on February 28, 1917. Scarcely a month had passed before war was declared against Germany and the call to arms sounded for the returned troopers. While the war clouds had been gathering talk had been rife among the troopers of expanding the old squadron into a regiment of cavalry, and on the declaration of war, permission to do so was at once obtained. Recruiting offices were opened in the Troop A Armory and on the Public Square and were quickly thronged with applicants. The prestige of old Troop A attracted the best of the city's youth, and six troops in Cleveland were quickly recruited to war strength by voluntary enlistment before the subject of compulsory service was broached in Congress. Members of the "Black Horse Troop" were commissioned as officers of the newly organized troops, and the three officers of the new Troop A were Fayette Brown, Captain, Robert H. Jamison, First Lieutenant, and Newell C. Bolton, Second Lieutenant. John N. Garfield was appointed First Sergeant.

It was soon felt, however, that cavalry would see little, if any active service in the trench warfare of Europe, and authorization was granted to transfer into field artillery. Applications for enlistment were so numerous that the officers felt justified in expanding the cavalry regiment into two regiments of artillery. Cleveland and Toledo, accordingly, recruited

RECRUITING BATTERY "A".

the 2nd Ohio Field Artillery, and Cincinnati, Columbus and Youngstown the 3rd Ohio. The officers of the 2nd Ohio Field Artillery were entirely drawn from members of the old Troops A and D who had had the experience of Border service, and of this regiment Batteries A, C, D and F and the Headquarters and Supply Companies were assigned to Cleveland.

An artillery battery having almost double as many members as a cavalry troop, a new recruiting campaign was opened, and hundreds of patriotic young men presented themselves for examination for enlistment. Street-cars and shop windows were plastered with posters urging the advantages of our branch of the service, and the phrase "Join the artillery and ride to war" became our slogan. Over a thousand men were recruited in Cleveland for the regiment, careful selection being made by the recruiting officers from the three thousand and odd applicants.

The change from cavalry to artillery entailed the promotion of more officers. In consequence Captain Fayette Brown became Major of the 2nd Battalion. Irving C. Bolton was made Captain of Battery A with Albert Y. Meriam and William F. Spieth, Jr., as First Lieutenants and Quay H. Findley and John N. Garfield as Second Lieutenants, with which officers the Battery left for Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama, August 26th, 1917.

"OVER THERE."

RIDING TO WAR WITH "A."

CHAPTER I.



WO years previous to April 6th, 1917, we of the future Battery "A" were all vaguely alive to a big war that had been going on away off somewhere on another continent. The magazine poets and the Belgian relief societies called it "Over There." The war furnished us thrilling headlines in the daily papers, or a topic in a conversational pinch, or perhaps a share in the profits of a munitions plant; but beyond that it was all, as the sentimentalist so prettily put it, simply "Over There." We had our jobs, our studies, our parties, dances, clubs and fraternities to attend to. If a U-boat took an occasional American life on the high seas, we cursed the Kaiser for his effrontery. The American came in for his share of it, too. Why was *he* snooping around in the middle of an ocean filled with

OUR WAR.

mad-dog subs? It wasn't *his* war! If the Germans broke through the British and French lines, it was "tough luck" for the British and the French, and maybe we hoped they'd take a brace for their own sake. The Belgian horrors were depressing. The Turks were after the Armenians in the good old Turkish manner. But to most of us it was all four thousand miles away. It was "Over There."

Then the *Lusitania* went down. The German-Mexican intrigues were exposed. The leaders of American thought gradually enlightened the public on the perilous position of our own democracy. And on April 6th, 1917, Uncle Sam called Germany's time-worn bluff with a declaration of war. The war was now our war. In an hour it had leapt the four thousand miles of land and water from that vague, faraway, intangible "Somewhere," and we awoke one day to find it at our doorsteps. In the space of a night the country became ablaze with the spirit of war.

We who were soon to be members of Battery "A" could not, and did not want to, evade that spirit. We saw it over our breakfast

THE "WAR BUG."

cups in the morning papers, we heard it on the street cars going to our daily work. It was on the lips of the stranger across from us at lunch, in the anxious looks of our mothers at home, and at the last moment of the day the newsboys shouted it past the bedroom window as we tried to sleep. But we could not sleep. What were jobs, studies, dances, theaters, fraternities? The United States was at *war*!

So April 6, 1917, became the birthday of our battery. It may have been a poster in a store window, bright with colors that formed a dashing mount, a khaki-clad rider, and a flashing blade; or perhaps it was a more conservative street-car placard, or a newspaper advertisement, or a movie film of Troop "A" cavalry life at the Border, or the prestige of that "black-horse" organization, or a "hunch," or just the advice of a good friend that sent us down to the old Troop "A" Riding Academy Building on East 55th Street to volunteer. But volunteer for something we must. It was the only relief from that swirling mixture of patriotism, duty, indignation, wanderlust, adventure, and

THE "WAR BUG."

(shall we confess it?) romanticism that made our hearts throb fast and that aval-
anched all the other concerns of our daily
lives.

TROOP "A" RIDING ACADEMY.

CHAPTER II.

OUR earliest recollections of army life—back in April and May, 1917—are not so distant that they have lost in the slightest the tang of the tan-bark that filled the Troop "A" riding arena. It is in our nostrils yet and was our first impression as we entered the dingy old structure to enlist. Our second was of an ever so long-legged hulk of a figure in khaki uniform, sprawled around a desk. He quizzed each of us, noting down our answers, and then, if satisfied, sent us upstairs with a little white card for physical examination.

On the way we had our first glimpse of the club room. Its heavy oak furnishings and mantle were littered with army journals and literature about horses. Through rifts in the cigarette smoke that lounging members in khaki were exhaling we could discern the pictures on the walls, of horses. Above the hum of the general conversation we heard two

FIRST "PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT."

voices in friendly argument, about horses. Pausing at the head of the stairs, we glanced across a balcony overlooking the riding arena. The floor was banked high with saddles, harness, sabers, rifles, tarpaulins, tents and tent poles, soup kitchens and a maze of martial accouterments with which as rookies—oh, sweet ignorance!—we were unfamiliar. Timorously we stepped into the examining room. There, while we furtively memorized the eye-test at close range, two medics slapped our rookie predecessors on the back, pulled wide their jaws for a glance into the abdomen, thumped them on the chest, poked them in the ribs, pronounced them fit to fight, and hollered "Next!"

Soon came our first big "psychological moment" in the army. Once again in the club room on the first floor, with pen, ink, official document and witness, the deed was done. Our signatures were "thereto attached" and, right hand raised, we became the property of Uncle Sam,—with what conflicting flurries of doubt, panic, hoplessness, pride, patriotism, and the Melodramatic Thrills of Being a Hero, no one who hasn't

R U M O R S.

signed a volunteer enlistment during a war can ever know. Going home in a sort of daze, we told mother what we had done.

We were no sooner in the National Guard than rumors began. The army is the hot-house of rumors. It is there, of all places on earth, that they are intensely cultivated, studied, grafted, cross-bred, transplanted, tampered with, distorted, battled around, and multiplied unto the ten thousandth generation. Every moment of our army lives, on land and sea, until the last minute that the last "A" man was mustered out, rumors clung to us, and did prosper, and made us glad or sad. Rumors thrived on us and we thrived on rumors. They were often the only indoor sport we had. And there is always this in defense of the rumor, and therein lies its grip and charm: it *might* be true.

The first "big rumor" came in April, 1917, as we executed in "civies" the dear old "Squads east and west" on the springy sod of the Troop "A" building. It was that we were not to be cavalry: there was no need for cavalry in war as they were fighting it "Over There". Faded the billboard visions of

CHANGED TO ARTILLERY.

charging steed and flashing saber! Our Ohio Cavalry officers were trying to change to field artillery. Many of us were discouraged, but yet, as field artillery we would still have our horses and "ride to war", and the feeling was soon forgotten. May 22, 1917, it was officially announced that we were transformed from the First Ohio Cavalry to the Second Ohio Field Artillery, N. G.

Until the end of June, the routine of "us rookies" was a half-hearted attempt at our ordinary civilian pursuits during the day, and at night the more interesting foot-drill, manual of the rifle and pistol, measurements for uniforms, and lectures on military topics. It was at the latter that we of "A" first met and became attached to the man who was to lead us with such admirable devotion and capacity all through the trials of our training, fighting, and demobilization days. June 5th was Registration Day, but to us it meant only that we would receive a blue card from our officers showing we had already volunteered.

UNIVERSITY SCHOOL.

CHAPTER III.

AT last came July 15, 1917. On the battery records of that day is just a laconic "Inspection by Capt. O. P. M. Hazard at University School." But to the 184 of us it meant that we could forsake the jobs and civilian connections that, since our enlistment, had become a bore, and devote our time to learning the science of warfare.

The University School buildings and grounds were now our headquarters where we spent our days, and, those of us whose homes were out-of-town, our nights. A private caterer, under government contract, served meals to all who wished them. The showers, natatorium and gymnasium (which was used as sleeping quarters) were open to us. On the athletic field, midst the plaudits and gazes of a grandstand filled with friends and relatives, the embryonic batteries of the regiment had the first growing pains of their evolution into an efficient fighting force.

BITTER DAYS.

We were a non-descript, flabby bunch, in all degrees of dress and undress, arrayed in every conceivable combination of civilian, army and boy scout uniform. A few were issued parts of salvaged Troop "A" uniforms; the "gay-dogs" among us hastened down town for a complete outfit of soldier clothes which were kept scrupulously pressed for "Her" adoration; and the great majority drilled in civilian clothes which soon looked old if they weren't. Meanwhile we sent up the cry, in ever increasing volume and lament, "When do we get our uniforms?" Nothing in the world was more important to us at the time.

Those were the bitter, grinding days—from 9:00 'til 11:00 and from 1:00 'til 3:00! At 9:00 we started our setting-up exercises as our knees cracked like a macadam roller on a new road. Then it was a drink and a rest on the lawn under the shade trees. Then a spell of foot drill, a drink and a rest. A little more drill. Drink, rest. Drill, drink, rest. Drink. Drink. Rest. Rest. Ice cream and cake.

FRENCH LESSONS.

In the afternoons were French lessons by a well-known Cleveland architect. He was the most pyrotechnic exponent of that soft tongue we have ever witnessed. He tried to teach us a blood-curdling French battle song, but all we could imbibe was the "boom ala la la laaayah, boom ala la la laaayah" that brought the thing to its terrible climax. Better was his success with *La Marseillaise* which later earned us many a drink in French cafes when pay day, as was often its habit, came not. After the French lessons, we frequently assembled for medical lectures on "Why to bathe three times a day during battle" or "The thorough sterilization of mess kits after each meal at the front." Non-commissioned officer schools for those who had military aspirations, semaphore and wig-wag drill, baseball, swimming, practice guard mounts and medical examinations filled in the balance of the schedule. During the lattermost, they found birthmarks we never knew we had, and recorded our finger prints in the approved Bertillon style, while we wondered if we really looked so desperate. It was at these examination-

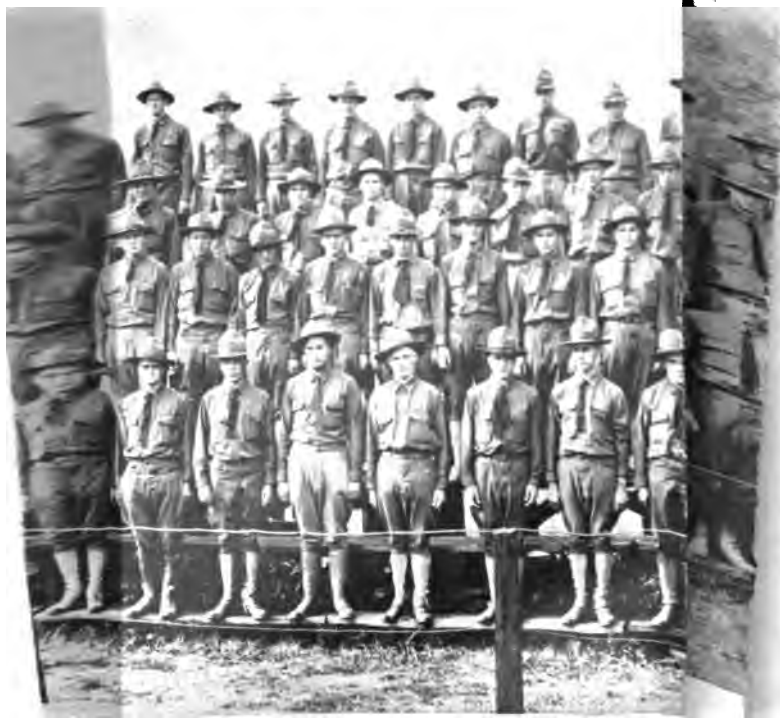
FIRST UNIFORMS.

that we first waited in line, and we waited in line ever after. For two years of the twenty months we were still to serve in the army, we waited in line. Our last order before discharge was to wait in line. Napoleon will never touch, for military fame and glory, the fellow who can eliminate the army line.

August 3rd we received our vaccinations and our first non-coms. Both were highly successful after slight irritation. August 5th we were "mustered and drafted into the military service of the United States." And August 13th came the Great Day. Piece by piece, first shoes, then hats, shirts, breeches and blouses, we got our regulation uniforms. Incidentally, that day marks the beginning of the war-long Battle of Wits between the supply sergeant, lone and grim, steadfast guardian of the State's treasure, on one side, entrenched against the remainder of a predatory horde who sought ever with shams and base pretenses to separate him from his extra wealth. But the 13th was to most of us a disallusionment. How we looked and how we expected to look in our first military



field A



Recruits of Battery "A," 135th F

FOR HEROES ONLY.

garb is a comparison that would fill a chapter with deepest pathos.

By this time the nightly affairs on the front porch were getting quite heart-rending with most of us. Every night *might* be the *last* night, and no one was taking any chances. Camp Sheridan, near Montgomery Ala., had been selected from a half-dozen rumored locations as our training camp, and we were expecting daily to hear the order to pack up. The "typhoid immunization" was administered in the good old way August 17th, with immediate and customary effects. But it did not immunize us from a march, in the evening, to the new City Hall, where, we learned later, the mayor made a speech of farewell to several thousand soldiers while a chorus of ladies sang something appropriate for departing heroes between speeches. We tried to be good sports, clapped and hollered when the rest did, and finally they let us go home.

Fully officered, enlisted to war strength, and organized for a harder schedule, we were fast growing impatient. We wanted "to get out of this place" and we said it more often

"GETTING OUT."

each day. In fact, during our entire life in the O. D. there have been few, if any, camps that we didn't soon want "to get out of". It held true of the Troop "A" Building, of University School, of Sheridan, Knotty Ash, Winnal Down, Havre, De Souge, Neuville, Thillombois, Pierrefitte, Segre, and, very naturally of Brest, Stuart and Sherman on the return trip. Yet experience, especially A. E. F. experience, taught us that almost invariably the change was from better to worse.

So Sunday, August 26th, at 4:00 P. M., with farewells a hundred times said and heartaches that we tried not to show, the 195 of us "got out". Under a hot sun we marched to the Union Depot, where friends filled the streets and said goodbye once more; and at 5:30 our train of tourist sleepers slowly pulled away from the dear ones, the homes and the good old city that many of us were not to see again until it was all over.


Once on the way, the strain of parting over, our spirits reacted to a sort of artificial hilarity that filled the cars with songs, shouting and laughter, while slap shoulder

SOUTHWARD—HO!

good fellowship abounded everywhere. Groups formed around tinkling mandolins and guitars which the roar of the train could not discourage. Cards and dice received their share of boisterous attention. But here and there some fellow sat alone, gazing far across the fields that sped past.

SHERIDAN AND CUSSES.

CHAPTER IV.

E rode for 32 hours, stopping for a hike at Nashville, where we marched fast to avoid sticking to the melted asphalt streets. Our train reached its destination at 2:00 A. M., August 28th. At dawn we got the first glimpse, from our car windows, of "Camp Sheridan." And, as we were fated to do so many times in the future for relief, we cussed. We have never pitied ourselves, we have never whimpered, and we have never backed down on a big job; but we have cussed—and then laughed.

Our part of "Camp Sheridan" was a vast field of scattered cotton plants that were at death-grips with thorny brambles and were getting the worst of it. Far in the background we could discern two lines of new cypress buildings. They were the shower shacks, which were fortunately already piped, and the mess halls. But they were all

"BATTLE OF SHERIDAN."

of our part of "Camp Sheridan". In front and behind them, far back to a line of cool-looking trees, were the eternal white cotton balls and brambles. By the time we had loaded our baggage on trucks, the heat of the Alabama sun was bouncing off the blood-red clay of the fields and doing quivering hula-hulas in the atmosphere. Regaled with an apple and a sandwich apiece, we charged across the heat-soaked No Man's Land to the new shacks and began the *Battle of Sheridan*.

By nightfall, with the aid of pick, shovel, rake and hoe and good supervision by our officers, we had two lines of pyramidal tents (old Troop "A" material), ten cots in each tent, two handfuls of blisters apiece, and complexions that would have made a self-respecting lobster blush. Next day, with a make-shift drag drawn by fifty men and bestridden by some fortune-favored soul we started clearing "A" Street of the cotton plants and brambles which had called a truce to rob us of the only breeches we had. The change of climate and water and the sweet potato "pies" we clandestinely bought of the black "mammies" who slinked about camp "got

DIXIE NIGHTS.

to" many of us the second day, causing a 48-hour lay-off. But we were soon at work again. A darky with a team of mules was somehow inveigled into working. Ditches were dug, the mess shack floor was levelled with tons of earth, crude stoves were installed in the kitchen; across what was to become Brigade Road the three officer's tents were erected, trees were chopped down and stumps torn out—all by "hands that ne'er did know the taint of plebian toil" and certainly felt like it. Fairly secure against the weather, we salvaged scrap wood and laid floors in our tents when our turn for the saw and hammer came 'round. We even went in for the "refined things of life", building foot-lockers and writing desks.

Still, it was not all toil, even during the pioneer days at Sheridan. If the early morning swarmed with crazy gnats that fled for cover when a higher sun began to singe their wings, the Dixie night retrieved the burning day. The stars, brilliant in a crystal atmosphere, blinked, blinded, at a mammoth moon which threw our tents in grotesque silhouette upon the battery street.

THE WILY SNIPE.

Fireflies from the shores of the Tuscaloosa flashed their mystic glow around the tents and lighted the way for inarticulate longings. There was something in the cool evening air that made harsh noises sweet and gave to voices the sound of coming from afar, over water. On nights like these, grouped in the circles of an already growing *camaraderie*, we sang songs old and new to the accompaniment of mandolins and guitars, and laid the foundation of life-long friendships.

It must not be imagined, however, that the nights of the first weeks were all music. Down in the marshes of the distant woods the wily snipe with that haunting, elusive cry which defies description, would test the wits of our craftiest comrades armed with bags, candles, and mosquito netting. But the southern snipe is wiser than his northern cousin, and, while often reported to have run toward his hunters, Battery "A" never had the snipe banquet for which our mouths watered.

Already we were breaking into Montgomery society. We had no sooner reached camp than the Montgomery papers exposed

"THE MILLIONAIRE BATTERY."


the vast wealth of our buck privates with the first-page headlines that "Cleveland's Millionaire Battery" had arrived. The Montgomery Stock Exchange had its flurry and the price tags in many stores were shuffled, but there was no serious calamity. So the society of Montgomery treated us like millionaires, and, even after the bubble was burst by a subsequent journalistic needle, continued to do so. Those of us who "went in" for them found no end of dances, introductions, parties and southern hospitality. The churches, too, were popular with "A" boys. (Oh, *can* it be that free Sunday dinners had something to do with it?) The Exchange and Gay-Teague Hotels, Harry's Place (prohibition, absolutely) and the Grand Theater were also popular dodges from details. Of the handsome southern planter in Prince Albert coat and Stetson hat, standing on the huge colonial porch of his sire's estate, northern authors showed us more than Alabama. And we never saw an "Uncle Joe pickin' on his ol' banjo", either. Most of the Uncle Joes must have hocked their instruments for moonshine.

135TH ARRIVES.

By the third week of September the full meaning of "Pioneer Battery" dawned on us. Our own street quite perfect, we were put to erecting tents for the rest of the regiment, soon to arrive from Cleveland and Toledo. Our idea of the rest of the regiment made the sun look like an iceberg, but we cursed, then laughed, spat on the leather of our palms and put up the tents. September 26th, the bulk of the 135th Field Artillery, 62nd Brigade (so designated by G. O. 12, Sept. 15, 37th Div.) had arrived. Their first taste of the southern clime was a 70-mile tornado and deluge that blew down half their tents and swelled drainage ditches into torrents for 24 hours.

GOODBYE LEATHER "PUTTS."

CHAPTER V.

CTOBER, 1917, with the entire 62nd Brigade in camp, began a period of re-adjustment and curtailment of privileges.

During the first weeks, at Montgomery military shops and even before that, in Cleveland, we had supplemented our issue clothing with white collars, green Stetsons, military coats, pointed russet shoes, and leather putts of wondrous luster. As a result the new "buck" privates saluted one another with a prodigality that was astounding, while fledgling 2nd "lieuts" from Fort Ben,—oh horrible to relate,—repeatedly stood at rigid attention while Private John Henry Jones swung past in the dusk. Said Private Jones acknowledged the courtesy with his most condescending salute and executed a quick fade-away before the illusion failed. In those days you could never tell until you got a bird's-eye view of a man's shoulder straps whether he

GOODBYE HOLIDAYS.

was a plain, rear-rank "buck" or a brigadier general. So the new second lieutenants held an indignation meeting, had an order put through, and got all the fine equipment they wanted at second-hand prices.

Wednesday half-holidays were withdrawn entirely and it was gently disclosed to us that henceforth Saturday afternoon was a favor to be had at times, but nevermore a right. Passes to town became a necessity. We countered with the old army game of "Fixing up the Pass". With careful fixing and an haughty air while you swished it past the M. P.'s eye, an ordinary half-day pass could be stretched into a week. Taps was shoved nearer sun-down, and we raced the sun for reveille every day. Later on, in the winter, we won out. Many a "buck" has slumbered on at reveille roll-call while his pal hollered "Here!" twice through the morning murk. Noon mess got wedged so tight between drill hours that the "seconds hounds" never tasted their "firsts."

The first of a series of intensive training schedules which were to occupy the rest of our training days was introduced at this

INTERNATIONAL EXERCISE.

time. It provided enough setting-up exercises to last a life-time. They comprised the "Japanese walk," the "German goose-step," the "Russian gavorski" and a lot of other superhuman efforts and contortions that held us somewhere between sky and earth or massaged our sweating frames into the dusty clay. On a sizzling drill field still billowy from the plow of agricultural days, we did "squads east and west," full-step, half-step and double-quick until our legs and brains grew numb. For recreation we were permitted to run across the state with a comrade on our backs and to exchange him for another fellow, who, according to the rules of the game, got the ride back. And where, oh where, were the lawns, the shade trees, the ice cream and cake of the days of yore?

Yet, to these new hardships our bodies responded with a quickness that amazed us. Within a week the "glass" had left our muscles. In two weeks we were "putting on beef" and going through the mess line with a zest that made our cooks conceited. The end of the day no longer found our legs and our brains numb. Our waistlines began

"CANNONEERS, POST!"

to crawl upward to our chests and never came down again, while all civilians shriveled into the palest, weakest beings we ever saw. We had never noticed this before! By the end of that first six-week schedule we had learned—many of us for the first time—what Ma Nature can do if you just give her half a chance.

Our next intensive training schedule began to specialize more particularly in artillery work. A few slats of wood laid on the ground became for us wheels, gun-barrels and limbers. "Cannoneers, fall in" and "Cannoneers, post" became the commands of the day, pushing "Squads rrrright, yyyyy-000000" and all its diabolical relations into the background. They sent us leaping on, off and around airy caissons and pieces, straining at imaginary spokes, and occasionally, so our officers informed us, plowing right through a 3-inch gun barrel. Afternoon classes were formed for prospective members of the Battery Commander's Detail and our non-commissioned officers wrestled with the mathematical end of gun-pointing.

"THE VETERAN 134TH."

We began to visit our neighbors, "The Veteran 134th from the Border," whom we secretly worshipped as The Thing in field artillery, though we all planned some day to make the whole outfit unnecessary when we were around. On these visits the veterans demonstrated their drill-lore with real guns, real caissons and real horses. *Artillery Drill Regulations* split and in hand, we sat around, trying our darndest to detect flaws in their work. One afternoon they dazzled us with a regimental mounted drill, the biggest maneuver we had ever seen. But they were nice to us: they let us clean their pieces and their harness,—and even their horses later on.

PROMISES AND HOPES.

CHAPTER VI.



IT had been promised us back in the Cleveland days—and all field artillery drill books seemed to agree—that we were to “ride to war.” Accordingly, we had been laboring with willing diligence on the battery stables, which, along with a hospital, supply store-houses, canteen, officers’ mess hall, and other buildings, had been added to our part of the camp. We hauled earth and clay by the ton, we felled trees to divide the stalls, we graded and ditched, we shovelled, raked and hoed, we hammered and we sawed,—all for those noble, slim-limbed, fleet and blooded specimens of equinity that we were now told we might expect daily, and that we had ridden full-gallop so often into the glorious battles of our dreams.

Came, at last, the day of days. December 9th a detail was selected to go to the remount station for our first assignment of horses. The rest of us waited expectantly.

INDIVIDUAL MOUNTS.

Hours dragged past. And at twilight we descried, winding slowly around a corner, what seemed, in the dim distance, a caravan of great elephants. They were peacefully led—so wonderful is the brain of man—by a few tiny specks that we knew were our comrades. The sight inspired visions of Elephant Artillery and South African campaigns, but it was not to be. Upon closer approach, the stable sergeant diagnosed the mammals as “horses.” We have taken his word for it ever since. Next morning the same sergeant, leading forth from its stall a big lumbering beast with hoofs a foot square and a chest a yard wide, discoursed tenderly upon its frailness, gave a demonstration in the use of a curry-comb and brush, and consigned the “first twenty” to our tender mercies. Throughout December and early January we received horses to a total, on January 9th, of 179. The reds, whites, browns and grays were “swapped” for the blacks in other batteries of the regiment. We soon had, in emulation of old Troop “A,” a “Black Horse Battery.”

With what anguish, mental and physical,

“RIDE THAT HORSE!”

such phrases as “Going to town!”, “Hold her, Newt!”, “Ride that horse!”, and “Trrrot!” came into popularity in our battery during the first few weeks with our horses, only we can ever know. The field behind the stables became our riding circle, to which daily we escorted our charges for exercise that gave us our first purgatorial lessons in horsemanship. Without bridles, without experience, only with halter ropes and hopeless desperation, we began the task of “mastering” eight scores of fly-brain critters that never had been ridden and never were designed to be. For a few terrible days, if we were able to climb on, we went in all directions at once, including up, down and off. The beasts themselves usually chose the stables, dashing tumultuously thereto, and we never disputed, going right along, “ducking” or falling off when the stall was attained,—while comrades whose “turn” had’nt come shouted humor that we couldn’t appreciate. Scattered along the field were the other batteries of the regiment, picking themselves out of the dirt, brushing off the dust, and pursuing galloping mountains across the lanscape.


KIND RELATIVES.

But gradually, out of chaos, with the aid of bridles and precious experience for both horses and men, came order. We were doing fours, eights, and sixteens abreast with precision; we were "riding our horses" and they had ceased riding us. So that by December 25th we were able to sit quite comfortably again at our mess table to enjoy a memorable Christmas dinner in the company of friends and relatives from Cleveland.

The mention of relatives reminds us of the startling mortality among grandmothers and aged aunts of battery members which began about this time. They were the same old dears who so obligingly passed away for us on former occasions when Cleveland was hot after the American League pennant or the fish were biting well, and those of us who received furloughs hereby sincerely hope that they may live to die many more times.

PROGRESS.

CHAPTER VII.

HE advent of the new year found us making rapid and encouraging strides toward the Colonel's goal of "delivering to the United States Government, on demand, one 100% efficient regiment of field artillery." With the materiel of the 134th we had been doing mounted drill maneuvers and taking long hikes with pieces, caissons and limbers through the Alabama forests and swamps. The enlisted men had been definitely divided into cannoneers, drivers, special duty men and Battery Commander's Detail, and were working for perfection in their specific duties. We all had been taught the intricacies of the American 3-inch field piece, which it was thought would be our weapon in Europe. We had begun to realize that the middle—we hoped, the first quarter—of 1918 would find us in France, and the thought was an incentive to serious effort. The very evident success of the German arms caused us to

FIRST FIRING.

work still harder for "a chance before it was too late."

January 3rd, 1918, fifty gunners from "A" went to the range to see and hear, for the first time, a battery of the 134th guns in action. The rest of us soon followed for purposes of observation, and, with our drill books still open, of criticism. We saw that the gap between us and "The Veteran 134th from the Border" was fast closing.

March 1st, 1918, according to the Record of Events in the "A" morning reports, our battery fired its first trial problems at the range, with results that exceeded all expectations. The range, five miles from camp, was just a characteristic flat stretch of Alabama farm land and woods, dotted here and there with the huts of dusky squatters who had been warned to move but didn't. The din of the first unheralded salvos and the whining screech of the shells that hurtled over their dwellings, drove them terrified under their beds, while a few of the more courageous souls dropped to their knees and begged the Almighty for just one more chance. But doom did not crack. The expected chunks of

ORIGIN OF THE "SHIMMY."

sky and loose planets did not fall. When finally they discovered that the thunderous phenomena was merely "dem white boys wid de engines of woah" they soon forgot their repentance and resumed the luxurious leisure of their laborless lives. With these "Yanks from de Noth" came vast wealth to that range area. For a nickle tossed from our horses as we trailed past to our gun-positions, little Kinky Topsies, and even their mammies when art lured, did vampire "shimmees" by the roadside, which called for movements of neither feet nor head.

* * * * *

The last four months of our Sheridan days proved the reward for which we had endured the grind of previous training. From March to June, in all varieties of weather and at all hours of the night and day we fought battles and campaigns on the range, pulverizing "enemy" trenches, smashing to bits Hun observation posts we had erected the day before, laying miles of wire, sneaking up, retreating, digging-in, camouflaging, caring for our "wounded", executing

REALISTIC PRACTICE.

night and day attacks with the infantry, medics, machine gunners and engineers of the Division, and occasionally getting "wiped out" by "enemy" fire—all with a realism that caused us to forget the mud, the heat, the sweat, and the wearing labor of it. When we were not at the range, we were galloping cross-country over the closer environs of camp, selecting positions and placing our guns. Or (not so gloriously) we were diving in and out of gas masks which, since April 9th, had become a daily affliction.

To our range, gas-drill and maneuvering activities May added pistol drill with the regulation Colt .38 revolver, a divisional review on the 7th, and "night hitches." The latter created keen rivalry among the batteries of the regiment. May 21st "A" made a record of 11 minutes and 52 seconds from the command to fall in in front of our tents to the moving out of the first section, completely hitched and ready for business. All harnessing and saddling was done in the dark and in unbroken silence. On the 20th we took our "Psychological Examination" in the Coliseum, tying with a medical corps unit

SHERIDAN DIVERSIONS.

for divisional honors. We were also given, on the 30th, a "neuro-psychic" test. If you giggled coyly when a high-brow medical official tickled your toes, you passed.

The last four months at Sheridan also saw a growth of amusement places within camp bounds that curtailed the golden reappings of the 25 and 50 cent jitney bandits who used to bump us into town and ditches when we were on pleasure bent. Smilage Books, coming in ever-increasing quantity from home, admitted us to the division Coliseum where we saw shows of "Turn to the Right" and "Excuse Me" quality. The Redpath Tents accepted the same tickets for good vaudeville. In the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. Halls there were nightly free movies and lectures. At the foot of the battalion street in our own regiment a play house had been erected, where the home talent of the 135th furnished original vaudeville, jazz music and boxing matches. A camp library of liberal capacity was established and freely patronized. Camp restaurants, pool rooms and canteens did a flourishing business around pay day and helped to while away the evening hours, when

PACKING UP.

the M. P.'s were feeling good. Montgomery gradually began to rank second as an amusement center for the northern soldiers. Uncle Sam was keeping his boys home o' nights.

The half of June which we spent at Sheridan was devoted entirely to the business of getting ready to pull stakes for France. On the first, whilst sweating comrades wiped their hob-nails on one anothers' clean underwear, spread over the battery street for rolling up, we puzzled and haggled out the proper way of making a pack. The same day we had full-pack inspection,—the first of a long series of every type of that army affliction that forty-odd centuries of military history could devise, plus a few new ideas. June 5th, 6th and 7th dozens of boxes were made and painted with the 37th Division and artillery insignia. Saddles, harness, kitchen equipment, clothing, signalling property, tools, ropes, curry combs, brushes, stoves, canvas, mandolins, guitars, violins, ukeleles, and a lot of other things we have since forgotten but cursed at the time, were oiled, saddle-soaped, sand-papered, polished, painted

FRIENDS MUST PART.

and scrubbed preparatory to boxing which came on the day (and night) following.

On the 9th we turned in, at the division remount station, the 159 bucket-hoofed quadrupeds that we had coddled and manicured for six months. Since December 10th they or an olfactory trace of them had been with us every hour of our lives. No one "ducked" through the back of the tent to escape the final remount station detail. Yet it cannot be said that many of us had not formed strong attachments for our 1400 lb. "individual mounts," as was evidenced by many a heated argument against a tent full of adversaries, who had also formed attachments. More than one fellow patted suspiciously long and tenderly, a last time, the big velvety nose that had learned to rummage its master's pockets for hidden delicacies saved out of our own mess kits. Returning from the remount station, we worked late into the night loading all our freight on railroad cars.

LOSSES AND GAINS.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM the very first week of our Sheridan days the unusually high personnel of the Battery became subject to constant losses. These were mainly to supply the needs of other organizations, many in our own regiment. A considerable number attended officers' training schools or were commissioned from the ranks. Many were transferred as interpreters, mechanics and railway engineers to other camps. So that June 9th found us lacking 40 of the 195 who left Cleveland with us, and far below war strength. As a result, June 11th occurred "The Advent of the Forty-five."

For the most part "The Forty-five" were a crowd of plain, hard-working farmer boys from the fields of Kentucky and Indiana, who had been but a short time in the National Army. We accepted them with a suspicion at first, born of an *esprit de corps* that marked every new man as a sort of in-

"GETTING OUT" AGAIN.

truder. In the privacy of our tents we resented being ordered to fall in and to receive them with cheers as they marched, straining under heavy packs, down the Battery street. But they proved to be "good sports" the very first night, when, as is the hallowed custom with recruits in mounted units, they were solemnly "measured for saddles" in the orthodox manner with black paint and barrel-staves. In less time than we expected, the sincerity of their ways had won a place in the Battery and in our hearts. They were an indispensable part of us through all the hard days. From "The Forty-five" developed some of the best soldiers and the best friends we had.

* * * * *

June 11th we passed in brigade review with full pack before the Commanding General. And on the 16th at 10:45 A. M. we once more "got out of there," leaving the best camp and the happiest days of our army life behind. We rode in day coaches, three men to two seats—and complained! Had we but foreseen the runty box cars of fair France!

CAMP UPTON.

At 8:30 P. M. of the 18th we reached CAMP UPTON, LONG ISLAND, isolated by miles of bleak, dry land dotted with monotonous pine groves. It was the northern type of camp, with large, unpainted two-story barracks that had none of the snugness of our Sheridan tents. The eight days here were consumed by final issues of clothing, including our "tin derbies", inspections, and gas drill. All of us, anticipative of wholesale passes to New York, crowded the camp telegraph office to wire home for money to "see Broadway"; but only a lucky few who had relatives, real or temporary, got to go. The less fortunate bulk spent their money for high-grade shows that left the glimmer of Broadway houses a night or two to do patriotic service, or in the great departmental canteen and restaurant of the camp. On the day of the eighth we became the guests of the Captain, motoring eighteen miles and sailing four to reach a small island in the bay,—a sort of balm for the Gotham passes that he couldn't get for us.

At 9:00 A. M. of the 27th, in the presence of many relatives from Cleveland who had

UP THE GANG-PLANK.

come for yet another leave-taking, we fell in outside our barracks. At 12:00 noon we were aboard a ferry steaming along East River, searching tensely between great docks for the ocean liner that was to take us to that vague, faraway, uncertain "Somewhere in France". At 3:30 we espied "our" ship, grimly fantastic to the tips of her masts with a score of bright colors that seemed to have been slapped on by a madman. High on her stern was a six-inch submarine gun, painted sky-blue. At 4:00 we were aboard "Transport 596"—in peace times known as the "*S. S. Hororata of Plymouth, England.*" She was somewhat over 500 feet long and, according to her British crew was built for an immigrant ship. Since the outbreak of the war she had done transport work, first for Australian, then American troops. There were 2,000 of us on board, including the entire 135th.

The rest of the evening was spent in "getting set" below deck and in forming an acquaintance with the English seamen, who were bloody well willing to chat with us.

FAREWELL, AMERICA!

We also addressed cards home announcing our safe arrival in Europe.

The morning of June 28th broke clear and brilliant, and found us all on deck. At 7:00 the ship began to quiver with engine throbs and we slipped our last bonds to the American shore. We cheered when those ropes dropped away—cheered because we did not know what else to do or say. An hour later, radiant in the morning sun, with Liberty holding aloft her torch as if to give a final promise and to exact a final pledge, our beloved America slowly sank beneath the white-crested horizon.

HALIFAX.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR convoy was made up of 22 ocean liners, all aglow with colors that gave them an air of hastening across the ocean to some gigantic carnival of joy and merry-making. But the high-mounted guns and the speedy dirigible that probed the Atlantic depths ahead of us did not jibe with that bizarre suggestion. Blended indistinguishably with the colors of their ships, each throng gazing half charmed across the ocean spaces at the others, were 40,000 husky Yanks that the Kaiser could not stop and never did stop, on land or sea.

But we were not to be long with our original convoy. Gradually our companion ships forged ahead, leaving us in a solitude which the war dangers accentuated. July 1st, due, the crew said, to inferior fuel, we steamed into the melancholy gloom of Halifax harbor, Canada, where we were to await the formation of a slower convoy. A little

THE GOOD SHIP "HORORATA."

tug with a hysterical siren nosed up to us inquiringly, then sent a complaining message of our intrusion to listeners on the shore.

Until July 4th we lay idle in the harbor mists, waking each morning to distinguish newly arrival vessels that were to accompany us. In the late afternoon with 14 transports, a British battleship, and a "mystery ship" of the same nationality that hung back in the rear, we started the real journey across the vast expanse of desolate blue.

Of our life on the good ship *Hororata of Plymouth*, a plainspoken comrade has written an account which it is far from our hopes to surpass or to modify. We print it, exactly as presented to us by the author:

* * *

The trip across the Atlantic and some experiences as seen by a private.

We sailed from New York June 28th 1918 and come over by way of Halifax and h—I knows where else. I don't think the captain of the ship knew anyway we landed at Liverpool July 15th suppose the same year for most of us on board had forgotten the day of the week and the month of the year.

SEA FOODS.

I think our safety on the voyage was due to the slow speed of the ship for no Submarine commander would have ever wasted the time waiting for the convoy we came over with. and if they did they undoubtedly had to return to their base for supplies. and that way the long expected Horrotta escaped before their return. One thing that made the trip more pleasant not saying anything of the eighteen long days on board was what we had to eat.

There was plenty of food on board to feed the whole American Army but d—m the kind and if no other outfit eat anymore then we did there is some left yet.

we had several differnt kinds of food such as slum stew peas rare and you did not have to eat them to know they were raw just put them in your messkit you could tell by the sound.

we allso had a new kind of food too the average man known as beef tripe and one thing that made bad matters worse was the English style of cooking take it from me that tripe when it was cooked looked like honeycomb floating around in a basin of butter-

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL.

milk. After each meal all a sub would had to do was just follow the floating tripe even as dum a thing as a fish seemed to know as mush as we did they would not eat it the fish they served was well imbomed and to be on the square one of the helper in the kitchen that seemed to like the american soldier pretty well told me that the fish we were eating was condemned in Sydney Australia by inspectors. there was my chance I told him you mean the fish you are *serveing* for no one on board is eating it. we dont claim to be food inspectors but we know enough to condemn that fish.

the Horse meat was not so bad in my oppinion nothing we had in the eating line had died a natural death.

the Soldiers worse enemy cornwilley and cheese was our desert on the trip and about all that kept soul and body to gather.

Tea the English favorite was plentiful they served it with every meal even washed your messkit in tea if you taken a hot bath it was tea then.

having traveled aroud quite a bit I thought I had a record for all kinds of sleep-

H A M M O C K S.

ing quators I have slept in box cars under a tree in bed under the bed and some times when I take one cognac to many sleep under the house

but I never slept hung to the ceiling like a country ham untill I got on the Horrotta our beds were in form of a hammack and hung very close to the ceiling by means of hooks.

and one thing that added to our comfort you had to wear your life belt day and night and there was a hump on your back like a drummy deer and if done any sleeping you had to do it on your back for the hammocks hung so close together if you had to get up dureing the night you would wake up every on the deck that you were sleeping on.

after the first day out from New York I noticed several fellows leaning over the deck rail in great agony it seemed they were trying to turn inside out. I ask them their trouble the usual answer sea sick.

I have a different reason for what I seen on the ship to eat would make you sick on dry land I am a firm believer in the old say-

C O O K S.

ing ever dog has his day Guess I had mine when I was a pup just think of eighteen days of that bravery Made me think of what General Sherman said about war

You would go to bed hang to the ceiling all night and get up in the morning see the same surroundings could not tell if you were getting any nearer land or not and no one seemed to know.

one morning I noticed a fellow that had worked all the way over in the Kitchen and wore the same uniform a grass sack apron had not even had a shave or washed his face and hands if he did you could not tell it by looking at him he come out all dressed up clean shirt trousers and shaven I said to some of the boys look at the cook we are either going to land today or be Torpedoed

In just a short time you could see land well as the tugs is towing us in to Liverpool and paying all due respects to the English I like them but I would tell King George I have got no use for those d—m cooks

This trip is the only place in the army where officers and non coms had nothing on

"SUB INCIDENT."

a buck private when their turn come they
had to feed the fish to

* * * * *

Our comrade has covered the points of the trip across with commendable thoroughness, excepting, perhaps, in one detail. He failed to mention our "Sub Incident" in the Irish Sea.

Upon our entrance into those infested waters, the guard of our convoy was strengthened by four swift torpedo boat destroyers and a mine-sweeper, all flying the incomparable Stars and Stripes. These literally raced circles around us, swerving and careening with the grace of sea gulls as they darted to and fro searching for a lurking enemy. On the stern deck of each, ready to be rolled into the sea, were a dozen of the "ash cans" that had been the doom of many a submarine. Quick-firers bristled on the narrow decks for a type of fair fighting that the Germans never relished. But no "subs" had been sighted or even rumored in the vicinity.

Shortly after evening mess on the 13th,

DEAD RAT.


however, when the majority of us were still below deck, there occurred a series of terrific concussions that shook our ship from bow to stern, then seemed to lift her from the water. This was accompanied by a hollow, clanking sound, as of some giant smashing in the ships steel plates with a great sledge. We obeyed orders to ascend quietly to the deck, tightening our life belts as we went and fully expecting to taste salt water. But the *Horo-rata* did not list. Instead, a petty officer of the ship, glasses in hand, pointed across the water behind us. "Ash cans," he said. "They've discovered something." We looked across the blue. Two, perhaps three, miles to the rear our little Yank destroyers were circling around a certain spot like excited terriers after a rat. Now and then they "barked" with the depth bombs that had shaken our ship when the disturbance was nearer.

The hunt lasted in all about fifteen minutes. Then the cocky destroyers returned, flying signals that we could not understand. They had "caught a rat." Later on, in port, we learned the rest of the story. The sub-

"LOYAL OLD SPORT."

marine had maneuvered for a position in the center of the "horseshoe" that our transports formed; but it came to grief by coming up under a transport, causing the collision which betrayed its presence and led to its doom. The damaged ship made port safely and "like a loyal old sport," did not "settle down" until its precious burden of fighters was securely deposited on shore. But it has never been learned whether the U-boat followed a trail of tripe or not.

CHAPTER X.

UR first glimpse of Europe showed a flat, uninteresting shore that faded and reappeared through an early morning fog. It brought our memories back in vivid contrast to the glorious blaze of sun which gave us our last view of the New York skyline. But we were happy that chilly morning of July 15th to again see land of any sort; and the realization that we were near Europe, rich in ruins and historic tradition, and at present the scene of greatest history in the making, gave us pleasant thrills. When the curtain of mists lifted we were entering, as did the adventurers of bygone ages, the Mersey River on our way to ancient LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

We were warmly received from the first. Ferries and sturdy little red tugs carrying laborers to work tooted welcomes as they puffed across our path, while the workmen

GREETINGS.

waved their dingy hats in well-wishing. Buxom housewives, preparing breakfast, interrupted their duties to wave aprons and kerchiefs over their porch railings, being frequently joined by a scurrying brood. A quaint little old woman in a white apron and bonnet did an equally quaint little folk dance on the cobblestones of her dooryard—then threw us kisses. All these greetings we returned with clamorous cheers and a few words in British brogue taught us by our English crew.

In two hours we were moored against one of the great stone wharves of Liverpool, where we waited on board the remainder of the afternoon. Against her dock the *Hororata* and her companion ships once more assumed the gigantic proportions that they had lost in the stretches of mid-ocean, where there were no contrasts save the one oppressive realization of our pigmy size. As we waited we amused ourselves by tossing American pennies to a gang of dirty-faced street urchins who fought for them on the pier and emitted showers of English cuss-words far beyond their years. A little woman with a

THE QUEER WORLD.

big basket on her arm lobbed two oranges "for a shillin' " over the side of the ship.

"How much is a shilling?" we queried.

"One twentieth o' th' pound sterling, sirs," came the enlightening response. We threw down American quarters which secured us three oranges. Misdirected fruit and coins found a watery grave between ship and wharf.

At six o'clock we walked down the gang-plank to dear old terra firma again, but of another continent. A rain began to fall as we lined up close by for roll call. In columns of four, after eighteen days of confinement, we swung into a lively cadence for the "rest camp" at Knotty Ash.

We did not fail to take in at once the "sights" that our English cousins and their streets afforded us. A "tramway" carrying a gorgeously uniformed individual who proved to be none other than the motorman, turned our attention to English signs. Across the street we espied an "Ale House" where good old "light" and "stout" could be had. Next to it, announced on a plate glass front, was a "Gentlemen's Hairdressing Parlor," while

ENGLISH LASSIES.

Thomas Watkins, opposite, was a "Keeper of Cows" and offered the lactic products of his charges for sale.

Reaching a residential part of town, we "sized up" the English lassies who had appeared in windows and on doorsteps to see us pass. They surely possessed the "roses in their cheeks" that the Island bards have sung about. But to us those roses were too red. We preferred the delicate pink of the girls at home with all the differences that the contrast suggests. The mothers and fathers of the lassies waved hospitably to us, while their young brothers lined the way and begged for pennies. They were all of the poorer class. When they smiled they revealed almost without exception a pitiful need of dentistry. We smiled also, through the rain. "Look at them smile!" was a comment that often reached our ears. But the able-bodied youth and young manhood of the town were nowhere present. They were "holding" across the Channel until the Yanks arrived. Those who had returned had done their bit. We

CAMP KNOTTY ASH.

saw many a poor fellow along the way with empty sleeves and breeches legs, but only the gamest among them could smile.

The end of five miles found us wet and fatigued at our KNOTTY ASH "rest camp" on the outskirts of Liverpool. Here we were "sheltered" in small round tents of a thickness and state of repair that gave the rain and wind easy access. The floors were covered with wet mattresses of straw onto which we threw our wet packs. After a scant mess of coffee, bread, jam and beans, we spread the driest of our equipment on the mattresses, perhaps spoke softly of home to a pal, and fell asleep.

CROSSING ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XI.



IN the sunshine of the next morning we hung out our blankets and extra clothing. That which we wore was drying, as it so often did in the future, on our backs. This attended to, we found a weak spot in the camp guard, leapt a wall and gained a practical knowledge of English currency in pastry shops and ale houses—paying well, no doubt, for the instruction. At 4:00 P. M. after a two-mile hike, we were on an English 3rd class train bound for a channel port. There were eight of us to a compartment. Each compartment contained red-letter warnings of spies and instructions to draw all curtains when passing through towns. A servant of His Majesty passed each of us a printed greeting and wishes of success from the King and Queen.

Until dark we drank in the quaint poetic scenes of "Merrie England." They were all

WINCHESTER.

that our books, our songs and our artists had tried to portray to us—and more. We would like to dwell on the charming panorama that nature unrolled for us that afternoon—the trim hedges, the garden walls, the pebbled paths, the fresh green hills and vales, the thatched roofs, the ancient battlements, long crumbled, with a setting sun reflecting their former glory, the noble estates with their parks and pools and swans. There was something so miniature and toy-like to it all when compared with our vast and majestic sweeps of American farm land. But we were hurrying to France. Already the spires of famous Oxford had come and gone in the blue-gray of fast approaching night.

At 1:00 A. M. we were awakened from the doze into which we had fallen, to detrain. We had crossed England diagonally and were in WINCHESTER, near the Channel. Full-pack we toiled uphill under a starless sky, through utter blackness. Not so much as a ray of light filtered from a single window to the inky streets of the ghostly city. Our steel-shod feet reverberated hollowly on the

CAMP WINNAL DOWN.

cobblestones against what we took to be the walls of houses on either side of us. Now and then a window was raised and some white-clad form peered from darkness into darkness at the procession which had broken his slumber. Each of us guided his steps by the sounds from the man ahead of him. When the head of the long column suddenly slackened its pace, as it repeatedly did, the rear, groping and burdened, jammed itself into a mass of sweating soldiers who swore or laughed as the mood struck them. Not a star twinkled, not a street lamp gleamed, not a chink in a door betrayed a glimmer of light or life, not a cigarette glowed. Winchester was shuttered, muffled, lifeless—playing possum to escape the Hun marauders of the air.

Two hours brought us to Camp WINNAL DOWN. The place was worthier than Knotty Ash of the name "rest camp." In wooden barracks we laid rows of slats across two pieces that kept us from the floor, secured mattresses of straw, and slept soundly with no disturbing reveille. At 8:00 A. M. of the 18th we left Winnal Down on the hilltop and marched back to the Winchester station. We

SOUTHAMPTON.

wondered as we descended how we ever "made" the grade the previous morning. Winchester had come to life. From shutters and doors, now open, the erstwhile ghost city waved us greetings.

It was but a short ride to SOUTHAMPTON from which we were to cross to France. In one of the great dock buildings of that channel port we waited the balance of the day for our boat. Here we had our first opportunity to chat with the famous English Tommy and his Canadian and Australian allies on furlough from the front. The average Tommy was obviously war-weary, liberal with neither optimism nor smiles, and a bit reserved. "How is it going across the Channel, Tommy?" we asked.

"It's a damned affair—we may be able to hold them, but we can't win," seemed the consensus of opinion. Beyond this, the Englishmen did not seem willing to talk. The Canadians and Australians had another reply. They were fine, cordial fellows with whom we fraternized at once.

"They're giving us hell now all right—but when a million or two of you fellows get

THE "PRINCE GEORGE."

into the line with us, it'll be our turn until the end of the war," was the Canadian and Australian viewpoint. "What part of the States do you come from?" "When did you get over?" and similar queries soon brought us together in friendly groups.

At 7:00 P. M. we wedged ourselves on board the *Prince George*. It was a narrow, speedy vessel, never intended to accommodate half the men who were herded aboard. As a result, we began one of the most memorable nights of our army lives. Every inch of deck and cabin floor was soon strewn with prone and sitting men who tried in vain to stretch themselves for a night's rest. Massed on the stairs, choking the passage-ways, huddled on top of, around and under every fixture in the lavatories, every post, every wall, every railing, either suffocating inside from the heat of our own breath or chilled to the bone on the cold steel decks, were intertangled legs, arms and bodies. Guard reliefs, changing their posts in utter darkness, tried for a time stepping over prostrate comrades, then grew desperate and walked on a human carpet that cursed

"BOCHE—COMME CA!"

them roundly. At last came the welcome light of day. Gritty with soot, dishevelled, hungry, we crowded the rails and gazed at the cliff that marks the harbor of HAVRE, FRANCE—France who had cried across the ocean for help, France the world's battlefield on which we were to fight how hard, how long we did not know. But we did know that we would never leave those nearing shores until we won.

* * * * *

After a breakfast of black coffee and hard-tack, we began the march through Havre. Our first impression of the French was furnished by a thick-set elderly woman of the peasant class early on her way to work. She was very happy to see us and spoke a greeting of which we recognized only the word "American." Then, raising a husky arm, she grabbed the throat of an imaginary foe, her face distorted with intense hate. With a heavy cane held in the right hand she bayoneted her victim repeatedly in vivid pantomime and cast his corpse aside. "Ah,

SOUTH CAMP, HAVRE.

Boche, Boche!—finis Boche!—comme ça!" she said, and hurried on her way. The months that we were in France never furnished us a more typical example of the French temperament.

Our march took us through a poorer section of Havre. The streets were narrow, with tenement buildings and small stores on either side. From the cobblestones arose the musty smell of an ill-kept tenement district. Drove of poorly-clad children begged us for money and for the dates and chocolate we bought of street-vendors. We "came across". They seemed to need it. Their parents, carelessly dressed or half-dressed in bright-hued garments, excitedly chattered a strange jargon that was undecided whether to come through the mouth or the nose. As in Liverpool, there were no young men around.

For an hour we strained upward along a road that brought us to the top of the cliff we had seen from the *Prince George*. Far below were a toy city, a toy harbor and toy boats. At SOUTH CAMP we rested 35

"HOMMES 40—CHEVAUX 8."

hours, many of us sleeping in "pup tents." Here we saw the first Hun prisoners. Through the stillness of the night we heard for the first time the thud of heavy guns in distant battle.

An hour before midnight on July 20th we were again marching through Havre. Like Winchester, the city was in total darkness.

In a small depot we were formally introduced to the famous "Hommes 40—Chevaux 8" that no Allied soldier who has been in France can ever forget. Thirty-five of us instead of the orthodox forty were assigned to each car, in order to afford us plenty of room for athletic games and other amusements. Each car was equipped with four perfectly good square wheels so adjusted that the corners struck simultaneously. There were many indications that "Chevaux 8" had been our very recent predecessors.

At 1:00 o'clock the engineer commenced to crack the whip in a southerly direction, while the rest of the train followed merrily in hops about a yard long. We marvelled at his success, considering the speed he was making. Slowing down from

"SERVICE DE LUXE."

15 miles an hour he could produce all the effects of a dead stop from 90 against a granite cliff. This illusion he produced on an average of four times an hour to sidetrack for other trains that had the right of way.

Once accustomed to the leaping motion of our cars, we evolved a system of sleeping. By mutual agreement we all lay down cross-wise on the floor, alternating head and feet along either wall. No fellow was permitted to rest his feet elsewhere than on the chest of the comrade across from him, and no man, unless he wanted to oblige a particular friend, was compelled to support more than one pair of feet throughout the night. Thus we spent two nights and two days, nourishing ourselves occasionally with corn-beef, salmon, beans, canned tomatoes, hard-tack and black coffee, which menu, largely due to its delightful associations with our first and subsequent railroad trips in France, we learned thoroughly to detest forevermore.


At five o'clock on the afternoon of the 22nd we passed through BORDEAUX, and at six we detrained, cramped, unshaven, head-achy, in VILLEAVE, the end of the line.

EUROPEAN SPEED.

During the trip some of us had become food, drink and shelter for little guests that promulgated their hardy species for the remainder of our European sojourn. In 41 hours we had travelled 320 miles as the crow flies—an average clip of 7.8 miles per hour. How far it was as “Hommes 40—Chevaux 8’s” go, the world of science is hereby challenged to calculate.

"FAIR FRANCE."

CHAPTER XII.

HE landscape of France, which we took turns viewing through the door on either side of our "Pullmans," was not unlike England. It gave to us Americans the same impression of being toy-like and miniature—more like gardens than farms. Each of the tiny cultivated plots that covered the fresh hillsides was divided from its neighbor by well cut hedges or ancient stone walls, presenting, in distant prospect, a checkerwork of various greens that was fascinating and novel. Larger divisions of vale and hill were defined by writhing trunks that had been shorn of all their dead superstructure in a last effort to prolong a spark of life at the heart. What remained was gnarled and fantastic, as though Nature resented the prevention of death that was due. From the twisted cores freakish growths of first year twigs sprang forth, like hairs on giant mushrooms or some strange type transplanted

VILLEAVE.

from the ocean depths. Setting off in artistic contrast these stubby growths were double rows of poplar trees in slim vertical silhouette against the blue of the summer skies. The roads they traced stretched along the hillsides like snow-white ribbons criss-crossing on green silk. At the intersections of the strands were clusters of antique dwellings, ever of cream-colored stone and red tile roof, ever surmounted by an invariable spire, and ever with immemorial walls and ruins. We wondered at the great number of those hillside towns that housed the peasant class of France. It seemed as though some mighty hand of bygone years had sown them, thick as grain, among the furrows of the hills, from which the tile roofs sprang like bright red poppies on the rolling green.

* * * * *

The night in Villeave we spent on the ground near the tiny station. It was here that many of us first tasted the meal-time drink of all France—*vin rouge*. We bought it with eager stealth around the kitchen table of a peasant home at two francs a canteen-

CHATEAU COUDERAN.

ful. The little housewife racked her brains changing our American money, while her tainted spouse made hurried trips from his basement barrel to the well behind the house.

At 6:30 A. M. the entire 135th started a 12-mile march with full pack to what our officers promised were the "best billets in France." "Soft" as we were from our long ocean trip and our railroading, it proved a hard, bitter hike. For those of us who had filled our canteens with *vin rouge* instead of water it was doubly hard. But we "stuck it through." Headed by our regimental band in full blast, sore shoulders thrown back, we swung into the pretty village of LEOGNAN, where the bulk of the regiment fell out for billets. "A" and "B" kept the road forty minutes longer, until 10:30, when we slid off our hot packs inside the walled courtyard of the CHATEAU COUDERAN.

The Chateau Couderan was not without its war tragedy. It was owned by two orphaned sisters whose only brother had long since offered the supreme gift. Of the male servants all but an aged gardner were wearing the blue uniform. Many would never re-

FRENCH PAY DAY.


turn. But the Chateau still had its deer park, aviaries, swans, lawns and its cool vistas of trees. For the enlisted men all this was a sort of Inner Temple, too sacred for the infidel touch. But the Captain threw the gates ajar one day and let us in. The "A" billets were in a large modern cow stable off the courtyard. Where the former pedigreed bovines had gone we knew not. There were no traces of them save two rows of poetic names above the stalls that well might have belonged to Grecian goddesses. Yet, immaculate and dry as our quarters were, we questioned the "best billets" epithet our officers had given the place. Oh quick tongue! Could we have foreseen! Could we have foreseen!

On the 26th at the Chateau Couderan we had our first pay in French currency. Each of us received one mustard plaster, two blue tobacco coupons, six tomato can labels and a handful of Chinese slugs, with which we immediately made incursions into wine-soaked Leognan, and even Bordeaux. At Bordeaux we purchased libraries of English-French dictionaries and grammars, into which we forthwith plunged with a linguistic fervor

V I S I O N S.

entirely too furious to be lasting. July 30th, with fingers that trembled queerly, we opened our first mail from home—most of it dated a month before. The same night, passing through the vision-filled borderland of sleep, we sat again in familiar old chairs, heard soft voices, and felt the touch of hands four thousand miles away.

CHAPTER XIII.

HE restful days at Couderan came to an end on the morning of July 31st. Arising at 4:00 o'clock we made our rolls in the dark and at 5:30, after a breakfast of black coffee, bread, molasses and rice, we began a 25-mile full-pack march to our artillery training camp.

It was a day, hot, dusty, sultry, that no "A" man will ever forget. Already before noon soldiers of batteries ahead of us had dropped by the roadside on their packs, furnishing a suggestion to those who plodded past that was hard to resist. As the afternoon wore on we became aware from men who lay along the way that "A" was the only battery still intact. The information put new strength in our legs. Every "A" man set his jaw to "show up" the rest of the regiment and to march until he dropped.

The last two hours "were done on sheer

THE LAST MILES.

guts" by most of us. Our canteens were empty under a sun that still beat down. Our feet were blistering and the packs were galling our shoulders. The Captain, himself on foot, passed along the column encouraging us and inviting men to fall out and ride in trucks that were to pick up the casualties. But he had no tired men! When we unslung packs for a ten minute rest we wondered if we could rise again to put them on. A comrade began to topple. Two friends seized his pack and carried it in addition to their own. He finished the march with an arm around the necks of pals on either side of him. To cheer his comrades some fellow with parched lips tried to sing, but no one joined in and few heard. The gate which we had seen for a mile and to which we had measured our wills, did not give us the expected relief. We trudged through over new-laid broken rocks that turned our ankles and made us stumble blindly. Many times we gauged the distance of empty barracks, but only to be bitterly disappointed. But at last, as we shuffled past a group of officers, we heard the Colonel say in a voice that seemed

"THE LITTLE SAHARA."

far away, "Well, I guess they're soldiers all right. Fall them out here, Captain." It was reward enough, and out of the dust into which we dropped that moment, arose full grown, the *Espirit de Corps* of Battery "A". We were permitted to rest on our packs for a half hour where we had fallen out. Then, after a meal of beef stew, coffee and bread, we were assigned to our bunks in the red tile barracks of CAMP DE SOUGE, near Bordeaux.

Camp De Souge, we soon found, was very fittingly called "The Little Sahara." It had a late-summer sun that shone down every day in true Sahara form. Everywhere there was sand—black, fine stuff that rose above our ankles, filtered into our shoes and exacted double the amount of energy for ordinary walking. This the wind sifted through the chinks in our doors and cheese-cloth windows, filming bunks, blankets, and mess-tables with grit. The water supply was scant at all times. It ran but a few hours each day through tiny faucets fitfully emitting a puny three-sixteenths inch stream. Returning from long marches that enveloped our sweating bodies

in clouds of black dust, we often found no water with which to wash. Flies increased so rapidly that the "Swatting Detail" became as regular and more popular than guard duty. There were no shade trees for a mile around.

Our only "oases" were the camp Y. M. C. A. buildings and a cluster of peasant stands outside the gate, where near-beer and wines not so near were sold at double the cost of the real thing. Here, also, one could purchase dwarfed peaches, figs, dates, hazelnuts, and good grapes at a price that only the "millionaire Yanks" could pay. In the name of art were proffered post-card views that would have shocked the Ohio Board of Censors out of business. They were the cheapest thing in France.

On Sundays we frequently visited St. Medard, a little town eight miles distant and three times too wicked for its size. There "*La Grande Attraction*" was a barn musical show which we patronized in lieu of something else to do. A moon-face "comedian" with gap-teeth did slapstick "comedy"; a little slip of a woman sang and wanted to sell us her

"TERRIBLE INFANTS."

picture; four characters-about-town danced. Across the street was a portable movie whose only billboard showed a hand sinking its long nails into the bleeding neck of a green snake. In the cafes and restaurants of the town we bought scant meals, and, in the invariable back room, as much cognac as our francs or judgment allowed.

* * * * *

Our two months of training at De Souge were mainly concentrated on a speedy and intimate acquaintance with the French 75 mm. field piece and more cordial relations with the U. S. gas-mask. Before August was half gone we had been issued our quartet of the "Terrible Infants" that caused the Kaiserin to buy her "Paris gowns" all for nothing and flooded the world with triumphal helmets that never saw the triumph. They were trim, quick mechanisms that fascinated us from the beginning. August 15th, with a laugh, a long diminishing sigh, and again, far away, another laugh, they "spoke" for us the first time. Almost every ensuing day found us in the 2-mile semi-circle of spitting

"G A S !"

muzzles that vibrated the tile walls of our barracks and littered the arid wastes of the range with hot steel.

Of nights there were thunderous barrages. White-hot tongues darted from nowhere. Against a black horizon rockets swept upward, ripening into gently swaying necklaces of green, red, or yellow fire. Between the muzzles and the horizon, in No Man's Land, blinked elusively a hundred signal "eyes" of red and white, like fire-beetles over a great marshland.

Gas drill was not so picturesque. Its object was to accustom us to wearing the mask for long periods and under all conditions of rest and motion. Starting with a tortuous fifteen minutes per day without "Removing Masks", we gradually developed to two hours. Gas non-coms., invested with autocratic powers, put us through hundred yard dashes, ring-around-a-rosy games, hikes and details while our rubber face-pieces filled up with pouring sweat and the dimmed goggles shut off all knowledge of the topography over which we operated. At all hours of the night we were blasted out of deep slumber by


READY FOR FRITZ

claxon horns, fiendish beatings on 75 mm. casings, cries of "Gas!" and a lot of additional rumpus that meant there was deadly theoretical gas around.

The spare hours intervening range and gas work were utilized for "specialist classes" in which every soldier studied the finer points of his particular job. Among these was a machine gunners' school. Selected men learned to operate two Hotchkiss guns that had been issued to each battery for anti-aircraft and emergency purposes. There were also many forest-fire details, formed at all hours to combat conflagrations started by exploding shells.

The six-week course on the 75's ended with a brigade barrage on the morning of September 14th. About the 15th we were given our Colt .45 automatics and a few lessons in their use. The remaining Souge days were devoted to packing up equipment, reducing our wardrobes to active service scantiness and "getting set" for Fritz. We had completed eighteen months of the greatest schooling of our lives. But there were no graduation exercises.

CHAPTER XIV.

EDNESDAY, September 25th, reveille blew at 2:30 A. M. By 5:00 o'clock the last "quad" with our equipment had left De Souge for a railhead at BONNEAU. And at 9:30, snugly tucked into box cars again, we were on our way to the front. For 72 hours we travelled north-east across France, finally detraining at REVIGNY, near the south-west border of the Department of the MEUSE. In this department, famous for Verdun and St. Mihiel, and MEURTHE ET MOSELLE, which borders it on the east and overlooks Metz, "A" was to do all its firing and maneuvering in active service. Our billets were in NEUVILLE, 3½ miles from Revigny. Loading our packs on our caissons and pieces, we pulled them ourselves to Neuville. The few horses we received at De Souge were left behind.

Neuville, jagged, half-dead, neglected,

NEUVILLE.

with an air about it of having lost all hope forever, was the first "war town" of our experience. Half of it was in ruins from artillery fire. Across the valley was Laimont, a sister-town, totally destroyed. The orchards between them, in spite of the season, bore no signs of yield. In the early days of the war the Germans had "doctored" all fruit trees before retreating. The edges of nearby groves were dotted with graves of French soldiers who had paid early the price of driving back the enemy armies. At the time of our occupancy the town was a French motor-repair base, where machine-shops on wheels renovated army trucks and motorcycles. With the French soldiers thus employed we fraternized freely in the kitchen-cafes of the town, exchanging our greatly prized American cigarettes for practical lessons in their language. They were a jovial, frank crowd that we soon learned to like. In Neuville most of us shared our sleeping quarters with cows, pigs and poultry. These were accustomed, as seems the vogue in the peasant towns, to roaming just about where they pleased in the household domains,


HOPES AND HORSES.

and they contested with us to the end for the better half of the bed, which they were far better able to see in the dark than we.

At Neuville we expected to receive immediately a quota of horses that would permit us to join the doughboys of our own Division, whom we had always hoped to "back up." For a time it appeared this would prove the case. By October 4th we had accumulated 69 fair mounts. On the following day, however, with bitter disappointment, we were compelled to turn over to the 28th Division all but 26. So that on the 7th we left Neuville for the firing line with 40 horses to do the work of the 160 of our Sheridan days! On the long list of tributes that the World War had paid its dumb animals, we enter a humble claim for those 40 courageous little animals, many of them the gassed and wounded veterans of previous battles, who labored night and day through the muds of France that the guns might continue to fire for the Cause.

CHAMPIGNEULLES.

CHAPTER XV.

UR route to the firing-line was longer than we expected. At noon the bulk of the Battery started an 18-mile truck journey through the Argonne woods to VILLERS-DAUCOURT, where we awaited in the rain the arrival of our horses and materiel, including our priceless "cookery cart." When they joined us at 8:00 we loaded the pieces on flat-cars, put the regulation "Chevaux 8" in the allotted five cars, and again set on our way. We detrained the next morning at CHAMPIGNEULLES, Department of Meurthe et Moselle. The reserve trenches, dugouts and wire entanglements we saw during the last two hours of our ride, proved to us that we were at last "getting into it."

Around the Champigneulles station we had our first contact with the funniest things in France—members of the 92nd (colored) Division. They donated liberally to us from

P O M P E Y.

their kitchen, which had been set up beside the depot, and, grouped around a day-time campfire, solemnly argued on religion to depths we could not fathom. Though their discussion was too deep for us, a poignant connection between the topic and the trenches they were soon to occupy was evident enough. The ducky at the front always remembered heaven when he suspected that it might be a trifle near.

Waiting until darkness, we marched to POMPEY, two miles distant, where we were to assemble with the entire 62nd Brigade. A cold rain had begun to fall and we were soon thoroughly wet. Attaining Pompey, we crossed a bridge and made a sharp turn to the left. The wheels of our pieces instantly sank into mud that we dared not strike a light to see. Men and horses, obeying orders, plodded ahead through the slough, scraping hubs with cursing drivers who had lost the center of the trail and were held fast. All around were heard angry voices, the rattle of wheels and harness in motion, and the crack of whips. A half hour found us in an enclosure, conscious of great black walls

“HELL’S VALLEY.”

looming above us. We were in a gigantic bowl formed by hillsides covered with dripping trees. The sides sloped at a 35 degree angle from an oozing plateau across which we were forbidden to trace tell-tale tracks. Accordingly our Fourgon wagons and pieces were skirted along the foot of the hills, then dragged up under trees that showered us with accumulated water. Fifty feet up the slope a picket line was stretched somehow for our exhausted horses. We were told to unroll packs and sleep. Sleep where? Under caissons, pieces, and Fourgons, our officers sharing the spaces with us, we spread our blankets in the mud and passed our first night in “Hell’s Valley.” A dawn that seemed never to come gave us our first view of the big half-mile bowl. Perfectly hidden in the dense woods on the precipitous sides around us were the men, the guns, and the horses of an entire artillery brigade, ready to move into position.

Determined to avoid a repetition of the first night’s discomforts, we immediately set to work on our section of the hillside. Some of us felled small trees and made them into

ADAPTATION.

platforms, over which we spread fresh boughs. These were rested upon uprights driven into the ground to neutralize the steep grade. Others secured the same results by cutting into the side of the hill. On these "floors" we pitched our pup-tents, spending the ensuing nights in most luxurious comfort. There is a contented, snug feeling about a pup-tent, after you and your pal have finally wriggled into the blankets, that no other form of war-time shelter seems to give. Perhaps, in addition to its tiny dimensions, this arises largely from the fact that the pup-tent is often used at times when the contrast with recent hardships is sharpest. Rising in the morning, the formality of undressing having long been dispensed with, it was only necessary to seize one's messkit, let go of the tent, and toboggan down hill to breakfast—taking care to detour around a picket-line of mules that barred the direct route to the kitchen cart. The rest of the day was devoted to keeping under cover and digging up potatoes for "French fries" in the "froggy" patches on the other side of our hill.

AIR RAIDERS.


The Germans, in spite of our efforts at camouflage, knew at once that something suspicious was occurring in Hell's Valley. Hardly an hour passed that did not find a Boche flashing his planes, cloud-high, for purposes of spying. Whereupon a half dozen anti-aircraft guns concealed along the ridges immediately set about convincing him that our particular spot was the devil of a place, as Hell's Valley should be. At first we dropped all work and rushed headlong to the foot of the hill whenever the guns began to throw their black and white aigrettes into the air. Clustered under trees, faces turned upward, we ejaculated excited approval of shots that burst particularly close to the retreating plane, or we admired the nerve of some foe-man who "stood the gaff" until his photographs were taken. At night, as we lay in our tents, the dull, intermittent droning of Boche bombers searching for their darkened targets plainly could be heard, punctuated now and then by the explosions of the bombs they dropped. An alarm siren wailed in Pompey. The white shafts of a dozen hidden searchlights swept in vast and spectacular

AIR RAIDERS.

radii across the skies. The enemy found, all beams instantly converged to one point, where, perhaps a mile high, cream-colored planes glinted gracefully in the light, while around them momentary stars burst brilliantly and filled the valley below with echoing rumbles. But the novelty of these experiences soon wore off, becoming no more thrilling to us—though frequently far more plentiful—than “chow.”

UP TO THE LINE.

CHAPTER XVI.

RIDAY morning, October 11th, the Captain returning from a reconnaissance, our first platoon moved out of Hell's Valley for the firing line. The approach to the positions was reported to be under shell fire. Due to our limited number of horses, the Captain deemed a long detour to avoid that danger inadvisable, and decided to hold up until dark before advancing further. At 7:30 the march was resumed. A guide was picked up at ATTON to lead us to our approximate positions, into which we moved with the two pieces and caissons at about 9:00 o'clock. This last move was made under shell fire, the Germans searching for us with H. E. and shrapnel in the woods whose edge we were to occupy.

Our initiation into the "receiving end" of the artillery game was not as hair-raising as we had once imagined it would be. The stages of our training and our advance to the

UNDER FIRE.

front lines had been so gradual that to be under fire was only a last natural step. There were no new elements in the experience, but simply a different arrangement of them. We had sensed before the noise, the whine, and the concussion of thousands of exploding shells. But now we were getting the *crescendo* of the whine. We heard them coming across the valley, and were so busy wondering where they were going to land that we almost forgot they *might* land on us. When a few exploded close enough to spray our pals with mud, as they did subsequently, they gave us a momentary scare. The next minute we laughed at being frustrated by shells that had already burst. There was always that comforting fact that we were only "taking a chance." No one had the cards stacked. We stood a mighty good show at winning. The "A" dice and "red dog hounds" were right in their element. Yet, in spite of all our dugout philosophy, it was very evident from a sort of feverish hilarity those first few nights, that we were all under a tense nervous strain which each

"GUNS IN POSITION—OPERATING."

of us tried to conceal with songs, jokes, and horse-play.

At 5:00 A. M. of the 12th the platoon took over from the French, pulling their guns out and putting ours into two old anti-aircraft pits. The second platoon left Hell's Valley and went into position on the right flank of PONT-A-MOUSSON in an open field under camouflage the night of the 12th. The 5th and 6th sections were also marched up and placed in charge of an antiquated battery of 90 mm. guns, Model 1876, which had been part of the permanent defense for years. On the 12th, also, the remainder of the Battery advanced toward the line to a point near AUTREVILLE, occupying the barracks of the French artillerymen we had relieved. These quarters we found quite comfortable after we had excavated them from the empty tin cans, bottles, and discarded clothing that our temperamental allies left behind.

Sunday afternoon, October 13th, on the MARBACHE SECTOR, "A" fired its first shots at the enemy. From that date until the 20th, the daily report of our activities

"THE CRAZY AMERICANS."

is "Battery on front—guns in position—operating."

We had received orders upon going into position "to start something," which we at once proceeded to do. This enlivened state of affairs was not only resented by the Germans, who retaliated with 155's and 210's, but by the citizens of Atton, whose homes, it seems, by some agreement that was a mystery to us, were safe from bombardment as long as the Allies were real nice and gentle to the Germans across the valley. Accordingly, the French artillerymen, who were evidently "in on the deep stuff," fired a few shots early in the morning somewhere in the general direction of Germany. The Germans acknowledged the daily salute with an equal number of shells, and then both sides laid off for the day and went fishing. It was a nice war.

So when the "crazy Americans" moved in and started a rumpus without any apparent provocation except just being at war with Germany, we revealed a characteristic bit of Yank psychology that the French of Atton could not understand, and that gained

"FROGS HAS WOKE UP."

us no cordial reception at the hands of the villagers. Some of us, from the numerous times our communication wires were cut and other strange occurrences, even suspected that there were a few in Atton who rightly belonged on the other side of the line.

The first infantry troops we supported were none other than our dusky friends of the 92nd Division, whose trenches were below us in the valley. They were overjoyed to learn of the change in artillery behind them. One of them stole back to our positions in the dark of the night following our first barrage.

"Say, boss," he said, flashing a set of caveman teeth in the dim candle-light of the dugout, "Ah didn't know you-all was back heah. But Lawdy, Lawdy *boy*, dis mawnin' when dat beegerage o' youahs comes a-ramblin' 'cross *ouah* trenches, ah turns to ma buddy, and Ah says, 'Buddy, dem frawgs has *shuah woke up!*' "

The next morning an excited darky officer got the Captain by 'phone: "Hello, hello!" he said. "Am dis Ventuah? Dis am Vultuah talkin'. Ah wants a beearage—an' Ah

PULLING OUT.

wants dat bearahe!" Thirty minutes later the Captain was called again and recognized the same voice, but no longer excited. "Hello," it said, "Am dis Ventuah? Well, dis' am Vultuah again. Dat was *shuah some bearahe!* Wha, man, dat come across so thick dat yu' couldn't even *see* through it!"

Just comfortably settled in our positions and enjoying the nightly visits of our colored friends, the firing battery received orders to pull out. On October 21st we were relieved by the 349th Field Artillery (colored).

"Say, black boy," we asked one of the new artillerymen as we changed guns, "what do you do in this man's army?"


"Why, boss," came the reply through the dark, "you-all knows dem dere frawg swasnt canses? Well, I'se a gate-tender on one o' dem. Ah opens de gate, Ah closes de gate, and Ah pulls de string. An' ever' time Ah opens dat gate, an' closes dat gate, an' pulls dat string, Ah says 'Kaisah, count yo' men!'"

The remainder of the night was passed in the Autreville barracks of the eschelon, which had moved out the day before. Here, for the third time since our arrival at the

AVERAGE LIFE.

line, gas alarms were sounded and we wore our masks. It soon developed that the "gas," was a darky with a "case of nerves", for which we were more or less responsible. We have forgotten at just how many minutes we put the "average life of an artilleryman" in those parts.

CHAPTER XVII.

T evening mess the entire Battery was again assembled in BOIS-LE-PRETE, near AVRAINVILLE and eight miles from our former positions. Camouflaged by these woods, we cleaned our materiel and rested both horses and men for another advance.

At 5:30 P. M. of the 26th a solid half-mile of French auto trucks snaked up the road in our direction and came to a stop. They were to carry the 134th and 135th regiments to the TROYON SECTOR to take up positions. "A" loaded into the nine assigned us, roping our caissons to the rear. The four pieces and rolling kitchen, too delicate to be hauled in the same manner, were entrusted to our horses.

Darkness falling, the whole procession moved out under a patchy sky that augured a cold night. We were tightly wedged in on top of our packs and our legs soon became

ROUGH-RIDING.

numb from cold and poor circulation. Under the constant strain of starting and stopping to avoid collisions, the motors soon filled the hooded truck-bodies with gases that nauseated many of us. Though there could not be a gleam on a single one of the scores of machines to light the dark road, the drivers maintained a maximum clip when in motion, swinging our rumbling caissons from side to side along the roads. If one turned over into the ditch, as was more than once the case, the whole procession jerked to a standstill until it was righted. Pulling aside the curtains and peering out into the night, we saw the jagged edges of ghost towns, now only walls and parts of walls, with their roofs a mass of debris in cellars the night made bottomless. A sentinel in somber blue uniform stepped like a spectre from the shadows now and then, hailing us with an inquisitive cheerfulness that seemed to issue from sepulchres. When the motors purred restfully during some readjustment along the line, we heard the rumble of guns, and looked out at a horizon blinking with artillery lightning.

FIRST SOUVENIRS.

We were happy to alight at 3:00 A. M. and to unfasten our caissons, rolling them together on the pavement. Under these some of us spread our blankets and tried to sleep until dawn; but the majority paced rapidly to and fro in an effort to restore circulation to frozen feet. Sunlight, coming at last, gave us relief. We discovered that we were on the edge of HEUDICOURT, from which the Germans had recently beat a hasty retreat, not, however, before much of the town was destroyed. Exploring the ruins, we found German books, letters, newspapers, quartermaster records, tools, ammunition, and a sack of old French bread, the centers of which we found soft. It tided us over to the arrival of the "cookycart." This precious article came up the road, along with the pieces, at noon, serving us coffee and bread immediately, and, at 5:30 o'clock, stew, potatoes, jam, and again the welcome black beverage which has so many times warmed our bones and restored our "pep." There was nothing on our fighting menu, including bread itself, that we would not have surrendered in preference to our "black cheer."

"VERBOTEN" GROUND.

We spent the night of the 27th in our pup-tents at the edge of Heudicourt. Before we slept we discussed with our partners the significance of all the traffic which had passed us during the day and which was still passing. It seemed as if "there might be something doing somewhere."

On the march which began at 7:00 A. M. the next morning we passed German dug-outs and bomb-proofs of admirable construction all overgrown with the grass of years, until they seemed a natural and not unsightly part of the landscape. The heavy doors of these, in spite of the eternal "VERBOTEN" warnings, had been smashed in, revealing piles of artillery and machine gun ammunition and boxes of "potato mashers." Joining the bomb-proofs and vanishing in the midst of a group of black buildings where smoking appeared the particular "verboden" deed, was a narrow-gauge railway.

Toward the end of four miles our column turned into a camouflaged road that took us uphill. Gaily colored walls of leaves and shredded burlap threaded around a wire meshwork rose high above us along either

HUN PARADISE.

side. Over our heads vertical panels of autumnal colors five feet wide were stretched at 25-yard intervals. At a distance, top and sides converged in perfect vista. Smoking our cigarettes during a delicious rest, it all seemed like the main aisle of some gay metropolitan fair back home. But the command "Fall in" shattered the day-dream, and the new sweat on our backs soon changed the "decorations" to camouflage.

* * * * *

At the high end of this arcade we found the tiny village of CREUE, recently relieved, as an inscription on the square announced, from the "German Yoke." And on the outskirts of Creue we moved into a Teuton paradise whose comfort-loving builders had never intended to evacuate.

The whole camp nestled in a beautiful little valley of trees and green pasture. At the near end, after we had passed a series of bomb-proofs fitted with pilfered glass windows and built-in bunks, we found a neat little building with a rustic porch and arbor. The arbor widened into a beer garden secluded by trees and equipped with a long table

BOWLING ALLEYS AND ARBORS.

and benches. To our left along the foot of the hill stretched the wooden terrace of the "mere privates." Every door opened onto a porch. Inside, the double walls were painted and frescoed. Twenty weary paces from their terrace the privates had constructed a bowling alley where the long hours of waiting for "*Der Tag*" might be beguiled. Or, if bowling became tiresome, it was only necessary to ascend to one of the rustic arbors of white birch built in selected trees. Here, seated on his bench among the birds and leaves, the romantic Teuton might dream in peace of his Hilda—or, if the birds sang inspiringly, he might even write her love-verses. The farther end of the valley contained stables, store-houses, and a kitchen with cement floors and great iron soup-kettles. Still beyond them, overlooking the entire grounds and peering forth from the leaves on the hillside, were the officers' cottages, of Swiss design, with colored glass windows that suggested the village church, and delicate balconies of intricate artistry. Back again in the cottage by the beer garden, inscribed in heavy script above a bed, we read

SECOND POSITIONS.

"Hier ruhten Vuddings mude Glieder." But we could not locate Herr Vuddings.

Where had you gone, Herr Vuddings, and why did you leave so quickly this lovely spot that rested your "tired limbs"? Were you one of the two big fellows who died in the public square of Creue on the bayonet of the tiny Yank the townfolks tell about?

In this valley our eschelon took up its quarters for the five best days of our active service. Our firing battery moved into position on the other side of the hill during the night. The guns covered HATTONCHATTEL on the TROYON SECTOR. Here we supported the 28th Division and were attached to the 164th Field Artillery Brigade, under General Donnelly. We relieved the 39th French Artillery, of the famous "Iron Division." The quarters of the firing battery were not inferior in any particular to those of the eschelon. Though Boche shells from somewhere awoke us on two occasions fifteen minutes before rising time, we all hoped that we might spend the winter in our new quarters.

The positions at Creue furnished us no

"DOG FIGHTS," ETC.

end of amusement in the line of air battles. Daily, planes met over our heads, pecked and darted at one another, putt-putted their machine guns empty in a free-for-all "dog fight," and, seeming suddenly to have ended their differences, glided away in opposite directions. The "anti's" invariably assisted the Boches in leaving as soon as the friendly planes were out of the fracas. One Hun machine, flying at a great height, showered our part of the line with the "come-let's-be-brothers" type of propoganda, printed in English on one side and in French on the reverse.

October 30th five Boches by a clever ruse "got" our American observation balloon. Attracted by the boom of the anti-aircraft guns we observed, high up in the sky, four Boches in hot pursuit of a single plane. The "anti's" were harrying the four with apparent success, for they lost speed, while the fugitive "ducked" into a friendly cloud. Suddenly, following a close burst of shrapnel, one pursuer began to veer and tumble lamely, as if out of control. All eyes were centered on him, waiting for the burst

BATTERY DEBATES.

of flame and the fatal fall. We forgot the poor fugitive behind the cloud. Poor fugitive! But he hadn't forgotten us! With a downward swoop that took our breath he dropped like a hawk from his concealment straight for our big, helpless balloon. On the verge of what we thought would be a collision he held up next to the unwieldy bag, fired his machine-gun, and missed. His momentum carried him past. Boldly swerving around and banking a second time, he again darted straight for his victim and released another string of incendiary bullets, this time with success. The two observers leaped with parachutes as their bag flared up, barely missing the enemy plane as they did so. Fritz, who had paralyzed everybody with his daring surprise and who had gained the admiration of not a few of us, roared away in his powerful machine to safety. His escape was the subject of a lot of subsequent argument in the battery. Some of the debaters, on the theory that he was "a good sport and took a big gamble" argued that he deserved "to get away with it." They were assailed as pro-German by their honorable opponents.

COOTIES PARADISE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUR hopes of an all-winter sojourn at Creue were cut short November 3rd. With our packs again on our backs we marched over the hill to another German camp in the MONTAGNE FOREST. Wading under the trees through deep mud which neither sun nor wind had the access to dry, we found a miserable group of buildings constructed of tar-paper over chicken-wire. The "walls" and "roofs" were rotted by constant dampness and hung in loose patches on their wire framework. Littered everywhere were piles of decaying refuse that tainted the air within and around the buildings. Here German and Allied cooties met, fraternized and called a truce, resulting in an improved species that combined Teuton method and Yankee resource, and that were to fill with misgivings until the last moment our pre-embarkation days. Spending one night in these surroundings, during which it rained, we moved out

THIRD POSITIONS.

in the morning to improved quarters that the Captain had secured for us.

The firing battery experienced none of the delights of this night in "Cooties' Paradise." From Creue they proceeded direct to new positions between ST. MAURICE and BILLY-SUR-COTE. Here, still in the TROYON SECTOR, we supported the 33rd Division, under General Kilbreth, and were attached to the 55th Brigade of Field Artillery. Our positions, in BOIS-LE-HAYE and again amidst German surroundings, were comfortable and well hidden, near the edge of the Plains of Woel.

The eschelon had located itself in the "Camp of a Thousand Steps", for which the Germans once more must be thanked. The site received its name from a long, steep flight of log steps which lifted us above the mud of the valley to dry huts ranged over the hillside. In reality there were 180 steps, but the place was christened by a detail that ascended the flight with a dozen cast-iron stoves of German durability.

We had hardly toasted our shins around the German stoves however, when the order

ON TO METZ.

came to move again. At 5:30 A. M. of November 9th the Battery started a 16-mile hike toward Metz. Our route took us through Heudicourt, Pannes and Essay to the THIAUCOURT SECTOR. At Heudicourt the early morning fulfilled its threat of rain. Hot sweat and cold water met halfway in our clothes, and the New York Hebrew who sold our raincoats to the Government came in for his usual promises of death in fiendish forms too horrible to describe.

The march began to wear on us like the one of our first days in France. Once through Pannes, the roads became hidden under slate-colored mud into which we sank to depths that constantly varied and kept us guessing. What was once a good highway was cut to pieces by an enormous traffic of artillery that steadily had been rolling in for the "big doings" against the German stronghold. Great naval guns, camouflaged along the road, let go and recoiled smoothly as locomotive pistons while we passed. The crews told us of vast artillery concentrations that had been going on for days. "It'll make Chateau Thierry, the Argonne and St. Mihiel all

CHEERFUL PROSPECTS.

thrown in together look like a Sunday school picnic back home," they promised. The statement recalled some words that a very current story ascribed to General Pershing while we were at De Souge. Upon being asked by a prominent United States official if the Americans could take Metz, he is said to have replied: "Yes, we can take Metz. But it will cost 1,000 American lives an hour for 72 hours."

At 6:00 o'clock we fell out to spend the night in a small, dripping valley covered with churned mud. Selecting the cleanest spot, we stretched a picket line for our spattered horses and adjusted their scanty feed-bags. Some of us, in the absence of a place to lie down, sat up all night. Some spread their blankets anywhere in the wet and slept. A lucky few who had the stamina left located dugouts. Shortly after dark the light "Pop!" of exploding gas shells was heard, and an alarm was given. In the morning, after mess, we were paid. The idea of a pocketful of francs in that devastated territory and on the eve of a drive on Metz started a volley of

"LA GUERRE FINIS."

light banter that helped to digest our breakfast beans.

At 9:00 the eschelon moved a mile to a group of mouldy dugouts,—a vast improvement both in comfort and safety over the muddy valley. The guns pulled into positions at EUVEZIN, in support of the 55th Infantry, 10th Division. The renowned "11:00 o'clock of the 11th" found us all set in camouflaged positions under a covering crest, throwing our last shots into the Germans, and ready to advance across a great open plain in the Big Push we expected to the last minute.

* * * * *

The Armistice was not a total surprise to us. We had heard for a week persistent rumors of a cessation of hostilities. For a month, while we kept on fighting, our French Allies had made "*La Guerre finis!*" a phrase common to our ears. On the morning of the 11th it became known all along the line that 11:00 o'clock would be the deciding hour. Beginning at 10:00 o'clock, a violent barrage was poured into Metz and its environs by the

DOUBTS—REASSURANCES.


artillery hidden all around us. The din, ever increasing in volume, climbed to its zenith at 10:50, held the climax for five minutes, and suddenly dropped to a silence that was uncanny by abrupt contrast—like a lonely canyon after a violent electrical storm. We stood puzzled, awaiting another burst of commotion, afraid to hope. Only a few random shots from scattered points caught our ears. They, too, died away. Was it possible that all the gigantic momentum of the greatest American drive—perhaps one of the greatest Allied drives—which we had seen generating for days,—was it possible that this had stopped dead still within a space of five minutes? Were the Germans “slipping something over?” A hundred doubts passed through our minds. Then a German plane flew low along the battle line. It carried a great white flag. No one fired at it. We heard cheers, first faint and far away; but they soon leapt from clump to clump like wild-fire in our direction. The spirit was irresistible. We cheered and the contagion spread beyond us. Every grove, every cluster of bushes, every hollow became alive with exultant shouts

JUBILATION.

and cries. "The war's over!"—"The Germans are licked!"—"To hell with the Kaiser and the Crown Prince!"—"We won!"—"Hurrah, we're going home!" From the infantry lines rockets and star-shells shot upward in celebration. The doughboys, forgetting orders, went over the top without a casualty, crossed No Man's Land to the Teuton lines, and began appropriating Iron Crosses, helmets, insignia, and bayonets from the persons of the enemy. The war was indeed over, and we were jubilant. There wasn't a man among us who hadn't gotten "all he wanted" during 32 days of actual combat service. Yet there wasn't a man among us who would not have fought on indefinitely for final victory. But the war was won, and now *When Were We Going Home?* For reply we took our choice of a hundred new-born rumors.

"THE BATTLE OF COMBIEN."

CHAPTER XIX.

E lost no time in shaking the mud of Metz from our heels. The 12th found us back in Creue for the second time. Some outfit had beat us to our former camp in the valley, and we were assigned to a large room of "double-deckers" in the town proper. The following night, conjointly with the 103rd Sanitary Train of the 28th Division, we held a bonfire celebration of the Allied victory.

We also began the "*Great Battle of Combien.*" Overly optimistic concerning our home-going, we bickered and haggled with French civilians, soldiers and comrades for souvenirs to take to America. Cigarette lighters, belt buckles, helmets, pistols, buttons, Iron Crosses and German coins commanded wild prices and had no end of buyers. The Battery Shylocks got rich and remained so if they stayed away from the "A" Monte Carlo that here saw flourishing days.

BERLIN OR BREST?

On the 17th of the month we moved to better quarters at the other end of town, which we worked late into the night improving. But some of us had not rolled up in our blankets for the night's sleep when the order came to pack up for the second time in twelve hours. Comfortable as our new home promised to be, we gladly responded, while rumors as to our destination put us anywhere between Berlin and Brest. One "Rumor Hound" had us across the ocean eating Christmas dinner with the folks. He had "gotten it" straight from a second lieutenant who had once been engaged to the cousin of a lady whose maid had seen General Pershing's car pass. The automobile was inscribed "U. S. War Department." So it certainly was a War Department car, and the War Department ought to know who was going home and who was not!

The next day, whatever our destination, we jammed into Nash "Quads" and journeyed through the wrecked environs of St. Mihiel. The effects of the American artillery fire on the shattered towns in No Man's Land showed us why the Germans had

CAMP GIBRALTAR.

deemed "St. Mihiel no longer essential to their plans." En route we passed a darky road gang at its labors.

"Hello, ahtill'ry boys, where's you-all goin'?" inquired one of the duskies, leaning on his pick.

"We're going to the U. S. A. *toute suite*, black boy," came the response from a truck.

"Das jes' it—das jes' it!" retorted the darky, shaking his head gravely. "You-all am de fellows dat busted up dese heah roads with youah ahtill'ry, an' now us colo'd sold-jahs is de ones dats got t' stay and fix 'em up!"

It soon developed, however, that our colored comrade had no immediate cause for melancholy comparisons of fortune. At the end of twenty-five miles our trucks rolled through the forlorn little town of THILLOMBOIS, struggled half-way up a muddy hill, ground hard at their heavy gears, and jerked to a stop. We alighted at CAMP GIBRALTAR. To account for that name we have never been able, unless it was given by some grim humorist. But we have never

MUD AND GLOOM.

doubted that the joke was on us for more than the next three weeks.

There was much about "Gibraltar" that made the long days there the most dismal of our army life. The camp itself was a muddle of tattered tar-paper chicken coops scattered in no particular fashion over a layer of mud that never dried. Moreover, it was located on the crest of a long hill, so that we had to go through all the mud at all times to get to all places. We drilled in mud, policed in mud, ate—standing—in mud, stood formations in mud. We carried mud in great lumps on our shoes to the earthen floors of our huts. From the floors it spread somehow to the blankets on our bunks and to everything we possessed. We lived in mud, and a daily November rain that seemed never to drain off the hillside kept it soft, clinging, oozy—at times, almost maddening.

Grimy from these surroundings and our work before the armistice we waited in line for alleged showers that would give us our first bath for many weeks. Alas, our turn arrived, we were simply re-christened! They were "frog" showers!

HOMESICKNESS.

To the discomforts of our environment was added a scarcity of food such as we had rarely experienced even during our month of fighting, and the more aggravating in days of peace. At a time when we most longed for home, now that "our job was done," persistent and depressing rumors came of our being in the army of occupation. We discussed them at night around our fires of stolen wood while our shins roasted, our wet shoes steamed and our backs froze. Homesickness which we never had the time to feel during our training and combat days now began to becloud our spirits. When the scant embers bleached to ashes in our make-shift grates, we rolled into our blankets and dreamed the minutest details of a homecoming which every hour threatened to thrust further towards a vague future. Awakening in the cold night from such transitory joys, we heard the domestic brawls of huge rodents under our bunks, where our heavy shoes were overturned in the squealing melee. On such occasions we strove to be tolerant: rats and men *will* fight. But when victorious wife and vanquished spouse started a marathon

SALVAGING.

up the chicken-wire sides of our shacks and leapt a gap onto our blankets, it was too much. We arose, yelled for the gang, lit a besmeared candle and started a midnight rat hunt. But the exits were innumerable and the chase yielded nought save livid language and an almost instantaneous return of our cantankerous visitors.


The day following our arrival at "Gibraltar" our officers had planned a schedule designed to keep us from the dangers of idleness. For a week we salvaged the camp and its environs, accumulating large piles of French and American war equipment that had been scattered throughout the woods and along the roads. November 21st, in a grove of saplings in which it had "come down" without serious mishap, an "A" man discovered a great twin-motor Boche bombing plane. Near the machine were two pairs of heavy aviator's boots, evidently abandoned by the Teuton occupants for a hasty escape. Battery A received first choice of souvenirs, including a machine-gun, the black-cross insignia, and

SECOND CHILDHOOD.

two watches. Papers found in the machine were dated March, 1918.

Following the week of policing, our army life degenerated into a dreary second childhood. We reverted to the detested foot-drill of our most verdant rookie days—all executed on muddy grades that were either up or down. During our training days we had tolerated such drill: it led to a goal of fighting efficiency. But now fighting was over. There was no longer “an object.” When would it all end? Thanksgiving came and went. The cold days of December drizzles began to drag toward Christmas. When were we going to “get out of there”? Were we going to Germany? Were we going home? Rumors that alternately raised our hopes and cast us into gloom were the only answers. No one knew—too many thought they knew.

CHAPTER XX.

T last, December 12th, 10:00 A. M., we slipped down the wet sides of "Gibraltar" with our packs on our backs. Marching five miles through a steady down-pour, we came to PIERREFITTE. Pierrefitte, a town of perhaps two thousand war-poor souls, looked like the Promised Land to us, the weary pilgrims of Thillombois. It boasted a narrow gauge railway, a notion store on the main street, three cafes, two town pumps, a lady barber, and a town major. The latter dignitary assigned us to clean barn lofts that were dry and weatherproof. He also provided us with fresh straw and newly-washed ticks, which we spread out on bunks or crude wooden cots. Later we even enjoyed the luxury of stoves. Occasionally the electric lights of the town would function, furnishing us with a meager glow from toy bulbs that warmed our hearts. Back on the fron-

BETTER DAYS.

tier of civilization again, we grew vain and lined up for the ministrations of the feminine hair-artist, whose prices were far better than her razors and technique. Then we made the rounds of the cafes, smothering them all under a pile of accumulated francs. "The crazy Americans," thought the soon plutocratic publicans, "they spend money just like they fight!" But what were francs to us? It was only *frog* money, and we were out of "Gibraltar"!

Simultaneously with our quarters, our army life improved. From our kitchen began to emanate a vastly improved quantity and variety of food. The lean days of Thilombois were gone forever, and the army garbage pail—always the barometer of plenty—began to fill again. Around the corner we bathed under American showers that gave us what the name promised. Clothing, desperately in need of washing, was entrusted to housewives of the village who paddled it clean in three or four washings for a reasonable fee. The old foot-drill was supplanted by long hikes at route order and dismounted gun-drill. (We had turned

NEW DIVERSIONS.

in our horses a month before.) Furloughs were allotted, providing a full week at famous French summer resorts. Here the Yanks were the guests at the finest hotels and were lavishly entertained at the expense of the United States Government and the Y. M. C. A. A regimental reading-room and library, comfortably heated and liberally provided with fiction, was established. In a large barn a stage was erected to accommodate A. E. F. and Y. M. C. A. entertainments which began to travel their circuits at this time. It was everywhere evident that Uncle Sam, in spite of our doubts at "Gibraltar," had not forgotten us. Relieved of his gigantic tasks of fighting, he was working hard and successfully to entertain his boys during demobilization. And he was doing it as only the wealthiest nation on earth could afford to do it.

Thillombois was the lowest rung of our peace-time ladder. Our three weeks there were weeks of readjustment and of transition from war to peace. Starting there, we slowly climbed to better quarters, better food, and better diversion with rarely

"HOMeward BOUND."

a downward step. In the meantime we had sighted a new object on which to concentrate our thoughts during disagreeable tasks. That object was "going home."

January of the new year became a month of joyous significance. It proved once and for all that we were not scheduled for the army of occupation, and that we were in the first slow stages of the process of being "Homeward Bound." On the 23rd we returned to the U. S. Quartermaster our ordnance, engineering and signal property. The next day, without a tear, we said farewell to *Go Betsy*, *Yip-Yip*, *Hollenden Bar*, and *Molly*—our quartet of 75's—to be melted into the ploughshares of peace for all we cared.

February 4th, starting at 7:30 A. M., we hiked eleven miles to a rail-head at BANNONCOURT, entraining in the afternoon. Plenteous Peace had upholstered with straw the floors of our box-cars. For a day and a half we passed through towns that we had seen before on our ride to the front. Then we struck out due west toward the Atlantic through a beautiful section of France

"ALL OFF!"

that had never been blemished by the march of restless armies. At 2:00 P. M. February 7th, we stopped sixty miles north-east of St. Nazaire, at SEGRE.

"WELCOME, AMERICANS!"

CHAPTER XXI.



N the Segre depot, one of the town patriarchs, georgious in the brass trappings of a conductor's uniform with a Napoleonic hat, and supported by a dozen of the community's most venerable political pillars, made a speech of welcome and handed us the Key to the City. Our detraining was typical of the reception accorded us throughout the town. Marching to our billets, the first Yankee soldiers to be seen in Segre, we passed under "Welcome" signs and clusters of Franco-American flags, while the citizens marked our entry as an occasion of historic importance in the annals of the town. This welcome, so different from that accorded in war-weary sections, we were quick to appreciate and to preserve. The result was the formation of many personal friendships that will remain cordial when much else of our days in France is forgotten. The people of Segre,

SEGRE.

clean, thrifty, hospitable, honest, and fully aware of America's great part in the war, removed any "bitter tastes" with which we might have left the shores of France.

Segre itself is representative of its good citizenship. A city of perhaps 15,000, it has broad, sanitary streets, modern buildings, good hotels, cafes and restaurants, well-stocked shops of all sorts, ancient landmarks, and beautiful trees, bridges, and gardens. It is by far the prettiest French town we had seen, and, after months of living in devastated war regions, this quality of beauty appealed to us with singular force.

Equally rare during our previous months in France was the presence of stores where we might spend our money. Accordingly, Segre merchants enjoyed an era of prosperity such as they had probably never seen before and which they did not abuse by raising their prices. As "rich Americans" we had been accustomed to paying too much; the one-price system was a pleasing novelty. In the jewelry, notions, and dry-goods shops, therefore, we bought souvenirs to take or send home. To the *patisseries* we paid a fortune for small

imitations of the pie, cream-puffs and eclairs of our American days. In the meat shops, groceries and bakeries we purchased, at war-time prices, all the dainties for which we had longed the past months.

We had not been long in Segre when the people opened their homes to us. Half the Battery was soon enjoying, at very reasonable rates, the luxury of a French bed, washstand and clean towel. Around the tables of our hosts we ate our first home-cooked meals. Before their open hearths, still scantily fed with fuel, we gesticulated and stammered with sympathetic assistance through the French language and had an insight into French domestic life.

French *mademoiselles*? Ah, yes, we saw them, too! But where, oh where, were the ravishing home-wreckers of whom we read in American fiction and of whom our American sweethearts were—shall we say it out loud?—afraid? Perhaps in Bordeaux, perhaps in Paris, but not in Segre. Furthermore, if it still be of interest to our American sisters, those of us who saw Bordeaux and saw Paris, do hereby solemnly aver and

HAPPY BOREDOM.

testify, with all due respect to foreign beauty, that girl for girl there is no beauteous host in France, and we dare say in the world, that can vanquish our own Glorious Army of American Womanhood. If there be any in France or Europe who take exception to this opinion, let them visit America; if there be any in America, let them visit France and Europe. We have been in both places. *We saw.* (All right, ladies—throw the bouquets now.)

* * * * *

Our military efforts in Segre were all bent towards the new object we had acquired after the war was won. As mentioned before, it was to be "Homeward Bound." Had it not been for so coveted a goal, the routine of those days would have been an insufferable bore. As it was, we went through the purgatorial fires of our pre-embarkation days with the resolution and solemn joy of saints. Whether it was true or not, we were informed that the date of our embarkation was based upon competition. It was put to us that in all matters of discipline, quartermaster in-

"COMPETING."

spections, and sanitation we were competing with other divisions to get home.

The results were astounding. We reverted gladly to our rookie practice of the proper way to salute. No lurking "inspector" would find *us* lacking in the ways of military courtesy! We guarded with infinite care every article of equipment, down to the last shoe-string, that each man must needs possess for a dozen battery, regimental, brigade, division and area inspections. We rehearsed forwards and backwards an unflinching statement of when we had our last bath, sir, when we washed our shirts last, sir—date, day, hour, place—all in anticipation of sudden questions by strange officers. Whether we had bathed and washed as specified was not half so important to our "object" as a direct, convincing *statement* to that effect. If a comrade, imbibing too much of *triple sec* or *cognac*, laid plans to tie the main street of town into a knot, we spirited him away in the name of order and discipline.

Last and foremost, for three solid weeks we battled tooth and nail with cooties. We were lectured on cooties, we were shown cap-

TERRIBLE DAYS.

tive cooties, dead and alive, we were inspected informally for cooties, we "read our shirts" twice a day for cooties, we pressed our clothes to *burn* cooties, we washed our clothes to *drown* cooties, we steamed our clothes into unrecognizable shreds to *scald* cooties. At night we dreamed about cooties, awakening to "feel them" crawling in hosts triumphant over our bodies—investigating with palpitating hearts to find none. One tiny cootie found at the official inspection would "stop a man from going home with the unit". Six would block the whole battery. So that the other fellow's cooties became a matter of battery interest. He who had cooties and labored not, night and day, to be rid thereof, became the lowest of the low. It was not a disgrace to *have* 'em—even majors and colonels did sometimes—but it was a crime dastardly and unpardonable to *keep* 'em.

So after weeks of warfare against tiny foes that the power of suggestion had made multitudinous upon us, the great Day of Decision came. Were we, or were we not "going home with the unit"? Our regiment had

THE DAY OF DECISION.

received a grade of 100% for equipment inspections. *What about cooties?* March 3rd that mighty potentate, the Area Cootie Lieutenant hove into Segre. "A" was summoned. We stripped to the waist with dire forebodings. In turns we crossed the room to The Mighty One. He seized us, bored us with his eyes, whirled us around, bored us again, and dismissed us with a grunt of approval and a farewell shove—all in a half second of time.

Easy stuff? Was someone "getting by" with cooties? Suddenly the Ogre shot his vulture glance clear across the room at a shivering wretch. "Hey, you," he yelled, "you with the hair on your chest—come here! Youve got 'em—saw 'em clean across the room." The accursed one shuffled over the floor in limp obedience. "Sergeant," commanded the Condemner in damning words, "take this man's name and outfit." Yet another victim came through the "A" line. The inspection showed that two of our men—oh, must we confess it?—were guilty of having cooties. But "A" passed as a battery! In the cafes that night we cele-

VICTORIOUS—COOTIELESS.

brated the glorious outcome of the *Battle of Segre*. Then, hieing to our beds, we slept, for the first time in weeks, the sleep of the victorious—the just—the *cootieless*.

SEGRE FAREWELLS.

CHAPTER XXII.



FITTING reward for our trials at Segre was our departure on the 6th of March for Brest. We were bound for Brest at last! Brest, that magic word of hopes and fears—the light in the gloom—the symbol of duty done—the payment in full—the goal of the A. E. F.

We marched out of Segre at 9:00 A. M. The town was out to bid us adieu. It came with flowers, with warm handshakes, with convulsive farewells and embraces that only the French can give. Not a few of us, while in ranks, received the orthodox kiss on each cheek from motherly dames who had given us our first taste of faraway home. We left with genuine regrets—proud of the record of conduct and friendship we had made, and jealous lest it be spoiled by some succeeding regiment.

We did not entrain at Segre, but marched fifteen miles to CHATEAU GONTIER,

BREST AT LAST.

where the entire brigade was assembling. "Quads" carried our packs. At 7:30 P. M. we rolled out in American box-cars that had round wheels and were maneuvered by a Yankee engineer. There were fifty-five of us to a car, but we did not lament. A time there was, at melancholy Thillombois, when we vowed we would march full-pack to the sea and sail the briny deep in a canal boat to get home.

We arrived at BREST shortly after noon, March 7th, the highly expectant victims of the old fable of "Going direct from the train to the transport." Instead, we piled out into the eternal rain. Putting on our packs, we did a hard four-mile march up hill to CAMP PONTANEZEN. To our last day in France the Fates have assigned us to camps on hills.

We had always heard dire tales of Brest as an embarkation point. But, whether these stories were based on former conditions since rectified, or whether they were greatly exaggerated by a peculiar tendency of all soldiers to "crab", we were pleasantly surprised with Camp Pontanezen. We were sheltered in the

"DIVISIONAL COMPETITION."

pyramidal tents of our Sheridan days, with wooden floors, stoves, iron cots, and cork-filled ticks. No tent was crowded. The renowned mud of the place was combatted by board-walks that it was rarely necessary to leave. The feeding system was by far the best we had encountered anywhere in France. Under one great roof a long series of tables was divided by rails into sections resembling a Chicago stockyard. There was no waiting in line. The batteries formed up, marched to the big hall, filed through one of the twenty doors where wholesome food was slapped into the mess-kits, followed the railings, ate standing at tables, followed the railings again to steaming caldrons of soapy water and washed their mess-kits—all in fifteen minutes. Signs at the exits offered "Seconds" and even "Thirds." The whole scheme was foolproof. It would have worked just as well with cattle.

At Brest we again entered a "divisional competition"—either imagined or real—but with the same remarkable results. We were warned by our officers to utter no word against Brest, lest sensitive ears comman-

FLIP-FLOPS AND HANDSPRINGS.

deered the speaker's services indefinitely for the improvements he thus admitted possible. A wild story, to which we gave willing credence, was circulated about the Marine M. P.'s of the place. Any stranded "Soldier of the Sea" who could arrest fourteen men was rewarded with instantaneous passage home and an honorable discharge. Whistling in mess line, an unbuttoned pocket, puttees rolled down instead of up, and an appearance of being happy at going home in the presence of less fortunate souls, were "sufficient cause for arrest." We therefore praised Brest, loved the beautiful rain and all France, and stood formations with faces that would have graced the edge of a filling grave.

Sunday, the 9th, the entire regiment emerged unscathed from a final cootie and physical inspection. Among the number were the two "A" men who in Segre "were not going home with the unit." Returning to our tents in somber procession, we were activated to handsprings and flip-flops, *sub rosa*, by a rumor of sailing the following Wednesday. But *outside* our tents were we

TO THE DOCKS.

glad to leave Brest and fair France so soon?
Ah no, ah no!

Monday the regimental flag was formally decorated by the French with three streamers bearing the names of our three sectors. At 4:00 o'clock the Captain informed us, in secret convention assembled, that we were to sail Wednesday on the *U. S. Battleship New Hampshire*, and we exchanged our French francs for the "real money of the U. S. A." But mess-time brought us still better news. We were to sail Tuesday on the *Battleship Vermont*.

The *Vermont* on Tuesday it was. On our march to the water-front we passed several hundred German prisoners, a coincidence that impressed us deeply. For an hour and a half we waited in the immaculate American dock-building, munching sweets that the American Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. distributed in hand-knitted sox. Then, filing past the small window of an embarkation officer who verified our passenger list, we boarded the tug *Jenette*.

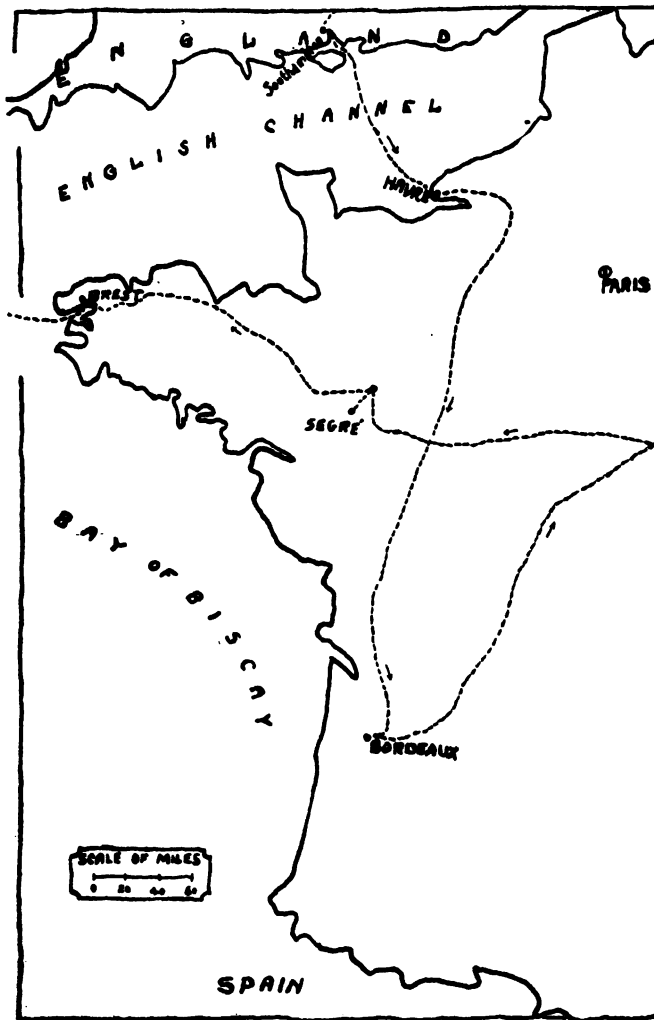
On the bosom of *Jenette* we puffed into deeper water to the most beautiful sight in

FAREWELL, FRANCE.

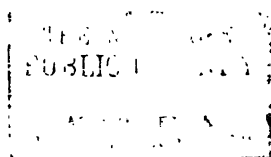
the world, the ship that was to take us home. Headquarters company Batteries A, B, C of the 135th, Batteries E and F of the 136th, and a Camp Dix Detachment packed aboard the *Vermont*. At 8:00 o'clock Wednesday morning, March 12th, our boat and her sister-ship, the *Connecticut*, pulled anchor. Three minutes later the ocean waters began to roll in snowy curls along the gray steel prows. We stood along the chain railings, our faces turned toward the vanishing shore. France was fast disappearing.

Farewell, France, courageous sister republic, with your million dead youths and the flags of victory flying over your shattered homes. Is it only with light hearts and laughter that we see you slowly drop below the ocean's ridge? Your statesmen say you are our debtor. What do *we* owe *you*?

In the mud of your battle-grounds we labored and grew strong of body and of will. In the solitude of miserable shacks on your war-zone hillsides we first made full appraisal of the loved ones whom we yearned to see, and laid the plans, if given a chance, to mend our past indifference. In your dripping dugouts,



Travels of "A" in F-----



THE "VERMONT."

the dross of life all fallen away, we pledged ourselves more worthy futures, if futures we were granted. Among privations of your war-time meagerness, we learned to help a comrade and to share. On your streets and in your homes, we formed a homely creed of world brotherhood and tolerance. And from your shores we saw, in distant and clarified prospect, America, more humane, more glorious, more beloved than ever before—"God's Country." It is this that is hidden under our blouses in our hearts. We think it as we leave you. We are not always the wild, thoughtless boys that you imagine. The "crazy Yanks" have "feelings" but, unlike you, it is a part of Yankee nature not to show them.

* * * * *

Our life on the *Vermont*, after the first pale green day, was happy and carefree, recalling the *Hororata* only by contrast save in one respect: we were crowded for sleeping-quarters on both boats. Awkward land-lubbers though we were, always getting in the way and littering the ship with unseamanly stuff, the 700 sailors of the crew "treated us like good sports." Our food was well cooked

LIFE ON THE DEEP.

and came in good amount, tempting even squeamish stomachs. A ship's canteen, operating during the entire trip, sold us Ward's cakes, chocolate bon bons, cigars and cigarettes at cost price. A ship's library supplied us with books that we read on decks clean as kitchen floors. For our entertainment the ship's band played daily concerts. At night, in mid-ocean, under a moon that silvered the ripples of a placid sea, Bill Hart dashed across the plains on the quarterdeck, or some fair queen of hearts made strong men fight, while we bellowed cheers from our perches in the steel masts or on the twelve-inch gun-turrets. When the weather was not so calm, we went below to the recreation room, equipped with games, tables, and a player-piano. Yet the days were long days and, to the American soldier who has fought on foreign soil, ever will be long.


March 22nd furnished us a little diversion in the line of a northwester. Beginning calmly, the day ended in a gale. Those of us who slept on deck were ordered below. Hatches were closed and all watches doubled. By midnight mess-kits were bursting with

A NORTH WESTER.

a "bang" on floors strewn with sleepers, and suspended hammocks swung like pendulums in perfect unison. We arose in the morning to find the ship rolling heavily and great waves bursting on deck. No one was allowed above, but a few venturesome Vikings evaded the guards, as usual. In the steel riggings the wind was moaning dismally, like a tornado tearing through a pine forest. A great blue breaker transparent as glass rose above the ship, broke headlong on the starboard deck, tore loose fifty bushes of crated potatoes that had been lashed there, and poured six inches of salt water through the only open hatchway, while the drenched gang below hollered with glee. It was an experience filled with surprises that we enjoyed, for we had long since acquired our sea-legs and our sea-stomachs. Furthermore, those big glass mountains that boomed against the port-holes were "just healthy American waves coming from the nearing shores to say 'Hello'." It had been announced that we would see land the next morning. We were "all set" to walk down the gang-plank.

"WATCHFUL WAITING."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ONG before dawn March 24th many of us were on deck. The sea was calm again. A fresh breeze was blowing. The sky was still grey from the storm that had passed. We did not talk. We only gripped queerly at the chain railing, and waited. Far across the water, dim and elusive as a mirage, a white light beamed. We strained forward with eyes and bodies. It vanished. For another moment it appeared and faded. The ship sailed on, but our gazes and our hopes did not leave the spot of the prophetic gleam. Suddenly it beamed once more, remaining bright and sending us the first silent message from the shore. It was the lighthouse on the Cape. In the dark under that golden spear-point, we knew was "God's Country."

At the edge of the horizon behind us day began to creep upward, filling the world with spectral light, and our "star," while our comrades all came on deck, paled in the greater

THE REVELATION.

brightness to invisibility. In its place we saw the tall white column of the lighthouse on Cape Henry. And then, as if Nature herself had planned the Great Revelation, the landward storm-clouds, like some great curtain on a superhuman stage, lifted with slow and ponderous majesty. Below them, gloriously revealed to us in the first floods of morning light, worthy to die for, more worthy to live for, America swelled the hearts of her returning pilgrim sons.

For a few brief moments we stood there, mute, our throats aching with emotions of a depth and quality we had never known before. They were hardly endurable. Then something "snapped" within us. We began to speak trifling irrelevancies or to comment inanely on some object along the shore. A comrade seated on a gun-turret shouted coarse jokes at those below him without apparent provocation. Our band struck up "Homeward Bound." We applauded mechanically. A sturdy little tug crowded with Ohioans passed along our port side, turned and caught us, its band playing triumphal airs and its passengers wildly waving flags.

NEWPORT NEWS.

We thought we ought to cheer for them. It was only courtesy and appreciation. So we cheered. A great banner bearing the divisional insignia was hoisted to the masthead of our ship. We had to acknowledge that, too. It was a clever idea. Tugs and battleships at the entrance to The Roads tooted their whistles in welcoming chorus. That was nice of them, and we naturally must show that we thought so.

At pier No. 5, NEWPORT NEWS, we went over the gangplank to the dock. Three brass bands wanted to play for us. Not agreeing on a sequence, they all played at once. Red Cross nurses gave us souvenirs and sweets. Friends from Cleveland, overjoyed at seeing us, shook our hands. We leaned against our packs, silent, fully aware that "something ought to be done," but helpless to do it. Newport News received us heartily. People cheering and clapping lined the streets as we marched to CAMP STUART. By way of welcome, a somber man of business forgot himself, seized a hatchet lying on the sidewalk and revolved it with a mighty din in a large ash-

"WHY DON'T YOU SMILE?"

can. A housewife dressed for a formal party threw open a window, hung far out, and filled the air with beatings on a dish-pan. School children sang choruses and passed us original verses of greeting. We marched under an Arch of Triumph. But all along the way we heard: "Smile boys—why don't you smile? You're home again!" Some of us obeyed, weakly.

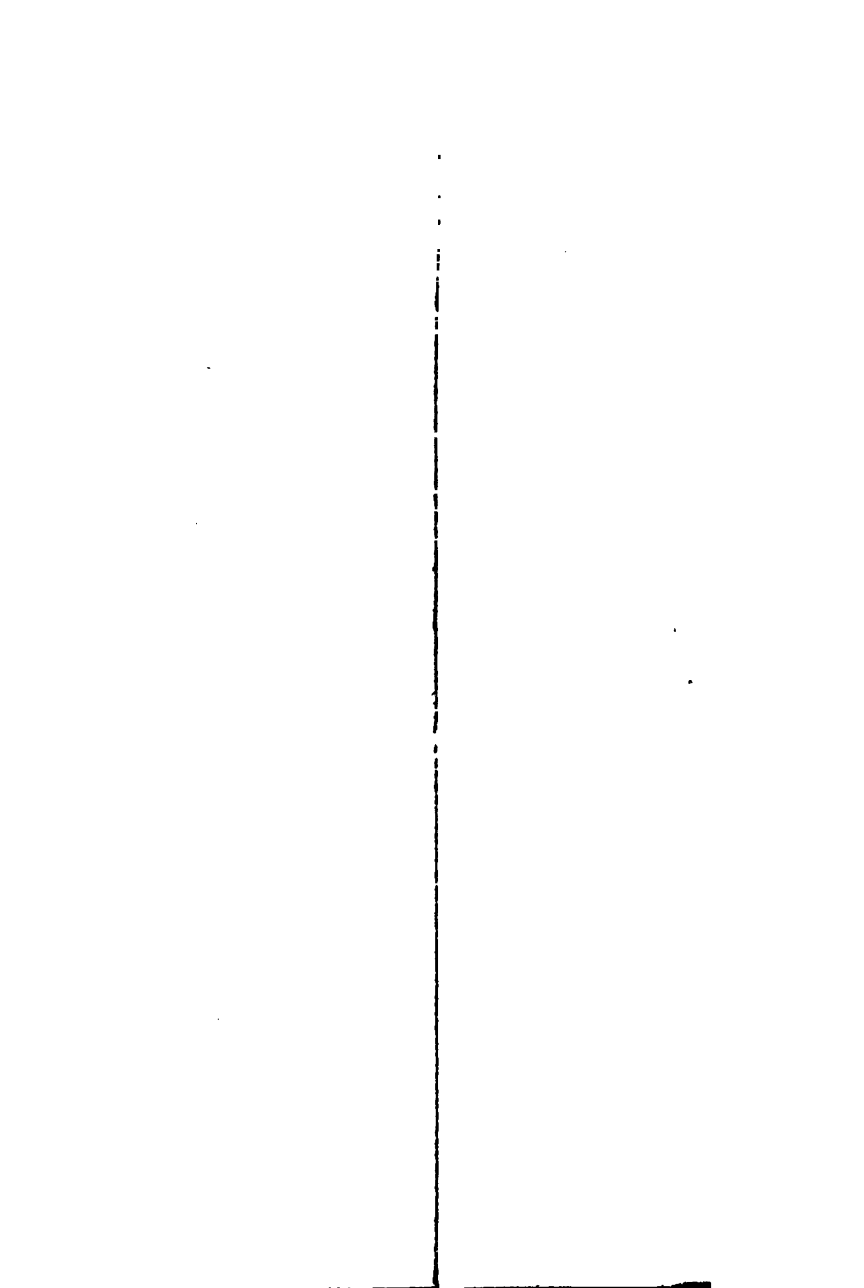
What was the matter at this, our home-coming, the biggest event of our lives? Weren't we glad to get home? Why didn't we do something? Why didn't we dance and holler and sing? Why didn't we? The reason already has been implied: it was the biggest event of our lives. It was too big.

* * * * *

At CAMP STUART, after we had reclaimed in an hour the year's supply of pie and ice cream due us, we wired home thus: "Dear folks—arrived Newport News 10:00 A. M.—please send twenty dollars." The next day all theoretical stowaway cooties who had foiled the S. O. S. and crossed to America with us were despatched once and for all in

APRIL FOOL


the best plant for the purpose we had seen. We emerged from the process looking like the rookie outfit of an army of hobos. Where were all the handsome heroes of an hour ago? But on the 28th our mangled uniforms were pressed and those irretrievable were replaced by new issues. A few more "show-down" inspections brightened the remainder of our time until April 1st, when we made up our rolls and marched to Tourist Sleepers. Were we the victims of the first day in April? On another track was a row of beautiful red box-cars.



THE
SCHOOL OF
THE
MARTIN LUTHER
LUTHERAN CHURCH
OF THE
CITY OF
ST. LOUIS

THE OLD HOME TOWN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

UT at 12:00 noon we left Newport News in the "sleepers." We glided once more out into the broad and unconfined sweeps of our American countryside. To us, returned from Europe's garden hillsides, the new scenes symbolized the bigness of life in our United States. Out across the Virginia fields we saw the fresh pink of peach blossoms. It was Springtime in Nature—Springtime in our hearts, as we stood, vigorous, victorious, grateful on the threshold of a great re-birth in our own lives.

At 5:00 o'clock April 2nd dear old Cleveland took us back to her heart. She did it first with a deafening chorus of whistles on the same factories that had "helped us through" Over There—with first-page headlines in the daily papers—with delirious crowds that pulled us from the windows of our coaches before the brakes were set. Then, April 3rd, after the tears of gladness were

T A P S.

shed at home, she turned out *en masse* to see us parade in overseas attire. She barraged us with confetti, with streamers, with flowers, with bands—all fired from a camouflage of flags, bunting and welcome signs. She drove us through trenches of joyous faces banked five stories high in the down-town streets. And, finally, we charged through an arbor of roses into Central Armory, where, in the presence of a gallery of friends, our mothers irresistably counter-attacked with spring chicken and ice-cream.

* * * * *

And that is about all concerning our army days. April 4th and 5th we paraded in Toledo and Columbus. Then we went to barracks at CAMP SHERMAN, there to await the completion of paper-work that would make us, after two years with the Flag, civilians again. April 10th the Captain said goodbye to us. His words were the taps of the rich and adventurous life we had spent together, containing soothing relief from duty well done, but also a note of parting sadness. Three hours later, our red chevrons

ANOTHER WAR.

on our sleeves above the gold, and our honorable discharges in our pockets we were on the train. In the Union Depot at Cleveland we shook the hands of pals welded to our hearts as only the dirt and the sweat and the dangers we had shared could weld them. Then, each choosing his separate path, we vanished into the world to begin the greater battle that only the last long-lingering taps of life will end.

"FAMOUS WORDS AND PHRASES."



E print hereunder a collection of the "Famous Words and Phrases" coined or used in Battery "A". The list has been the victim of an editorial sterilization which we much would have preferred to leave undone; but the possibility of its being read in "mixed society" has compelled us to omit some of the more "vivid" language. So here they are, hygienic, impersonal, 100% pure, unlocking 10,000 miles of laughs and cusses scattered anywhere between Ohio, Alabama, France and back again—the golden keys to the Battery memory-chest.

I give up.
I'll bite.
Razzzberry!
I bend this up on you.
Some day I crucify that Boche.
Who's a go.
Going to camp.
Ride that horse.
Frog.
40 Hommes.
Good Boche.
De war am finnee.
But not this load.
Vas iss.
Not chet.
Hear me.
All we do is sign the pay-roll.
Submarine chicken.
Birdseed.

"FAMOUS WORDS AND PHRASES."

Corned Willy.
Slum.
Gold fish.
Upsetting exercises.
Black strap.
Tripe.
India Rubber.
Cement.
Sand.
Oleo.
Red Horse—alias Chevaux Rouge.
Rest Camp.
Hororata.
Quiet front.
Mess kits in.
Mess kits out.
Blankets in.
Blankets out.
Details for today.
With me, begin.
Bull ring.
Hold 'er, Newt.
She's headed for the stables.
Feet out off stirrups—trrrrot.
Now that we're at the front, we'll turn in our
pistols.
Coffee at the next stop.
Make him a corporal.
Well—I hardly expected that.
Gravel-agitators, fall in.
Dismounted polo.
He fed, he watered, and he groomed, but he was
only a cannoneer.
Stand to heel.
Dis is known as de aloit position.
Barracks bags and shoes off the floor.

"FAMOUS WORDS AND PHRASES."

Tent sides up.
Lights out.
Comfortable French billets.
No gas.
French property rights.
Join the artillery and ride to war.
End o' the line.
Who sold you a ticket?
Going to Germany.
Going home.
So this is Paris.
Cooks will gladly give you hot water.
Bathe before going into action.
Keep off the polo field.
Iron rations.
Clothing at port of embarkation.
Monkey drill.
At this crucial moment do not fail us.
Down in the deep dugout.
S. O. L.
Don't think the war is over.
No passes to Paris until that stove is found.
Cut it out—will yuh?
Oh sugah!
Does oo love me, honah?
What I mean—.
Give 'em rice.
You can't kick on that.
No combien.
Rise and shine.
Let's go.
Squads east—squads west.
No buhter.
Finis cognac.
Gas!
Anyone find a white ivory soap-box?

"FAMOUS WORDS AND PHRASES."

Anyone find a black toilet kit?

Big and strong and dumb.

Mawnin' Advetisah.

Partee toot suite.

Cease grooming.

Barrage.

Fall out and start policing.

Prepare for inspection.

Put out that fire.

Any mail?

Fall in with picks and shovels.

Cover-alls and full canteens.

Is this Venture "A"?

Gold-bricker.

Three days kitchen.

We'll probably get trucks—at least to haul the
packs.

Eighty-one horses coming.

You must have it for inspection.

In cadence, exercise.

Dress up them lines!

See the world.

Good pay and learn a trade.

Where do we go from here?

See that I'm not disturbed, sergeant.

Lead out to water.

Aw-w-w-ll down!

Where's your playmate?

Pas compree.

Shoot eleven.

You will not be permitted to go home with the
unit.

Rrrrr-ee-li-ee-ve the waaatch an' th' loookout.

Allez!

WWWWWWelllll. here we come, yes by gum,
with fife and drum, etc.

"FAMOUS WORDS AND PHRASES."

It's a foin army, but I don't loik that big feller.

Individual mounts.

Oh, my darling Nellie Gray, they have tookeen her
away, etc.

Paint it with iodine.

Going home Christmas?

Beaucoup triple sec.

Beaucoup mademoiselle.

Beaucoup malade.

Zig-zag.

Finis.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 37.

HEADQUARTERS 135TH FIELD ARTILLERY CAMP SHERMAN

April 9, 1919.

General Order }
No. 37 }

1. Upon the conclusion of the tour of duty of the Regiment in the service of the United States, the Regimental Commander with a heart full of soldierly pride and gratitude, desires to express to you his deep appreciation of the spirit of cheerful and loyal enthusiasm and earnest co-operation with which you have performed every task which has been given you as soldiers to perform. You have been at all times and in every situation efficient, dependable and untiring. You have shirked neither work nor danger. Your achievements have been characterized by a high sense of duty and honor and they have been accomplished with the utmost credit to yourselves and your State and Country.

2. You are now ready for citizenship and the tasks of the work-a-day world, and the splendid record you have just completed, renders it certain that in civilian life you will always be found on the side of the right and representative of all that is worth while in local and National affairs, just as during the past two years you have always represented military excellence.

3. As you depart to your homes I want to wish all of you the greatest possible success and happiness throughout the years to come.

DUDLEY J. HARD

Colonel, Field Artillery

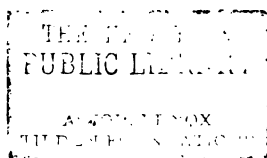
Commanding 135th Field Artillery

The fighting long over and our hopes daily strengthened by the prospects of an early return to America, 1st Lieut. Orville R. Watter-son, since June 14th, 1918, a favorite officer of Battery "A", was suddenly taken ill. January 23rd, with penumonia endangering a constitution never overly strong, he was moved from our billets in Pierrefitte to Base Hospital No. 91, Commercy, France. There, four days later, he bravely answered "Here!" to the roll-call of his Superior Officer. On the 28th of January we paid him our last feeble homage. We left him sleeping in the humble little graveyard of Pierrefitte.

The quaint and simple surroundings of his resting place are a fitting expression of the character we had learned to esteem. Soft-voiced, unobtrusive, generous, he was a type that as a private would have made a favorite "buddy"; but these qualities, combined with a keen intellect, a thorough grasp of his army work, and an understanding of human nature that never once played him false, made him a still better officer. The thought that we were leaving him behind as we marched from Pierrefitte for the homeward journey was our only sorrow.



Lieut. Orville R. Watterson



THE H. J. W. CO.
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ALBANY, N. Y.
JAN 10 1900



Carlton W. Pullen

As the first faint lighthouse glow in the darkness told us of America's nearing shores, Private Carlton W. Pullen passed away. Embarking with us at Brest, happy, expectant, he seemed in vigorous health. A day later he was confined in the ship's sick-bay with what we believed to be only severe sea-sickness. Then they moved him to a landing launch, lashed to the starboard deck, and established a quarantine, due to spinal meningitis.

With three medical corps men in constant attendance and frequent visits from the ship's doctor, he fought a losing battle which we watched with the sorrow of soldier comrades for a faithful pal. For a brief time, toward the end of our voyage, perhaps with his hopes set on seeing his Country once more, he rallied. Then a storm broke. He was carefully moved from the weather-side to another launch. An hour later a great roller smashed in the canvas top of the little boat he had left. And at 5:00 A. M., March 24th, the sea again peaceful, he quietly left us for a Shore with a brighter light and a grander promise than the one we so expectantly watched over our ship's railing. Quiet, genteel, devoted to duty, a good soldier and a man whose character stood the tests of all the hard days, we knew we had lost a rare comrade.

BATTERY ROSTER.

(From July 15, 1917 to April 10, 1919.)

***BOLTON, IRVING C.**, Captain.
10701 East Boulevard,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Commissioned July 11, 1917.
Assgd. to Btry. A. July 16,
1917. Hon. Disch. April 10,
1919.

***WILLIAMS, ALLEN**, 1st Lieut.
1807 East 87th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Commissioned July 11, 1917.
Trans. fr. Hq. Co. April 24,
1918. Hon. Disch. April 9,
1919.

***WATTERSON, ORVILLE R.**,
1st Lieut.
Trans. fr. Hq. Co. June 14,
1918. Fr. D. to S. in B.
Hosp. No. 91, Commercy,
France, Jan. 23, 1919. Died
of pneumonia at B. Hosp.
No. 91, Commercy, France,
Jan. 27, 1919.

***SEIDEL, HENRY B.**, 2nd Lieut.
Bay Shore, Awixa Avenue,
Long Island, N. Y.
Attached as sgt. (fr. Btry. C)
Nov. 27, 1917. Assgd. as
2nd Lieut. Dec. 21, 1917.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***SMITH, MALCOLM**, 2nd Lieut.
2160 Scottwood Avenue,
Toledo, Ohio.
Attached as sgt. (fr. Btry. B)
Nov. 27, 1917. Assgd. as 2nd
Lieut. Dec. 21, 1917. D. S.
to Hq. Co. as Tel. Officer,
2nd Bn., Oct. 16, 1918. D.
S. to D. Nov. 22, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

FINDLEY, QUAY H., 2nd Lieut.
7011 Euclid Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Assgd. to Btry. A. July 16,
1917. Trans. to Hq. Co.
Nov. 16, 1917.

GARFIELD, JOHN N., 1st Lieut.
Euclid Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Assgd. to Btry. A as 2nd
Lieut. July 15, 1917. Com-
missioned 1st Lieut. Dec. 18,
1917. Trans. as Capt. to
134th F. A. April 23, 1918.

SPIETH, WILLIAM F. JR.,
1st Lieut.
10007 Euclid Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Assgd. to Btry. A July 16,
1917. Trans. as Capt. to
136th F. A. May 11, 1918.

MERIAM, ALBERT Y.,
1st Lieut.
15661 Euclid Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Assgd. to Btry. A July 16,
1917. Trans. to Hq. Co.
Nov. 16, 1917.

BROWN, HARVEY H., 1st Lieut.
2727 Euclid Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Trans. fr. Hq. Co. as 1st
Lieut. May 11, 1918. Trans.
to Hq. Co. May 23, 1918.

BOARDMAN, KENNEDY.
2nd. Lieut.
122 East 82nd Street,
New York City.

Attached as 2nd Lieut. Aug.
6, 1918. Assgd. to Hq. Co.
Sept. 18, 1918.

BICKHAM, WILLIAM D.
2nd Lieut.

Attached to Btry. A fr. O.
R. C. Sept. 27, 1917. Drop-
ped Jan. 5, 1918.

*Combat service with Battery "A."

DOYLE, ARTHUR W., 2nd Lieut.
733 Market Street,
Akron, O.

Attached to Btry. A fr. O.
R. C. Oct. 25, 1917. Trans.
to Btry. B as 1st Lieut. Nov.
16, 1917.

FULLERTON, DWIGHT L.,

2nd Lieut.

Attached to Btry. A fr. O. R.
C. Sept. 27, 1917. Trans. to
112th Trench Mortar Btry.
Dec. 4, 1917.

MCCARTHY, THOMAS H.

Segundo, Colorado.

Assgd. to Hq. Co. Jan. 25,
1919. Attached to Btry. A
Jan. 25, 1919. Detached April
8, 1919.

ROBERTS, EDWIN W.,

2nd Lieut.

Attached to Btry. A fr. O. R.
C. Sept. 20, 1917. Detached
Sept. 29, 1917.

* * * *

*ABEGGLEN, RAYMOND F.

703 S. Seneca Street,
Alliance, Ohio.

Enlisted Nov. 20, 1917. Assgd.
to Btry. A Nov. 21, 1917.
Appt. Pvt 1cl Jan. 17, 1919.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

ADAMS, FRANK D.

D. S. to O. T. S. Aug. 25,
1917. Hon. Disch. to accept
commission Nov. 26, 1917.

*ADRIAN, ARTHUR.

833 Broad Street,
Menasha, Wis.

Enl. June 4, 1918. Assgd. to
Btry. A Oct. 24, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

*ALLEN, ALVIN A.

R. F. D. No. 1,
Crosby, Pa.

Enl. May 30, 1918. Assgd. to
Btry. A Oct. 24, 1918. Trans.
to Camp Upton Detachment
Feb. 23, 1919, for Hon. Disch.

*ALLEN, EDGAR T.

818 W. Miami Street,
Logansport, Ind.

Enl. April 27, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

ALLIS, WILLIAM P.

527 Broadway,
Bedford, Ohio.

527 Broadway, Bedford Ohio.
Enl. May 5, 1917. D. S. to
O. T. C., Leon Springs,
Texas, Jan. 7, 1918. D. S.
to D. April 18, 1918. Appt.
Sgt. fr. Pvt. April 19, 1918.
Hon. Disch. to accept com-
mission as 2nd Lieut. May
9, 1918.

*ANDERSON, WALTER.

1914 W. 71st Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. Aug. 16, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl April 19, 1918. Pvt 1 cl
to Corp. Sept. 11, 1918.

*APPLEBEE, TOM W.

Plainfield, Wis.

Enl. June 4, 1918. Assgd. to
Btry A Oct. 24, 1918. Trans.
to Camp Hill Detachment
April 1, 1919, for Hon. Disch.

*ASBECK, EDWARD C.

518 E. 118th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. June 2, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Hon. Disch.
April 10, 1919.

ATKINS, EARL H.

12209 Ingomar Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. May 14, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Pvt. 1 cl
to Corp. April 16, 1918. Trans.
to Base. Hosp. June 15, 1918.

*AUST, FRANKLIN W.

7325 Cedar Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 17, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Jan. 9, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

*AYERS, GLENN H.

R. F. D. No. 2,
Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

Enl. April 23, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

*BACHER, JOHN L.

Enl. April 26, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Field Hosp. No.
112, Essey, France, Nov. 9,
1918.

BADGER, JAMES G.

Lafontaine, Ind.

Enl. April 13, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 3, 1917. D. S.
to O. T. S., Leon Springs.

Texas, Jan. 7, 1918. D. S.
to D. April 18, 1918. Corp.
to Sgt. April 19, 1918. Hon.
Disch. to accept commission
as 2nd Lieut. USNG May 11,
1918.

***BAELE, RENE**

1317 S. Franklin Street,
South Bend, Ind.
Enl. April 27, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***BAESLACK, WILLIAM A.**

1149 E. 71st Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. July 6, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl May 13, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***BAKER, JAMES T.**

Riley, Ind.
Enl. April 25, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Febr. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***BALKE, CLARENCE T.**

R. F. D. No. 4.
Paducah, Ky.
Enl. April 29, 1918. Trans.
fr. Btry C June 25, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***BANYAS, GEORGE JR.**

Fontanet, Ind.
Enl. April 25, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***BARR, GEORGE R.**

5734 Solway Street,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Enl. April 18, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 11, 1917. Corp.
to Sgt. April 19, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***BARRY, CHARLES V.**

2173 E. 81st Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. July 12, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl June 20, 1918. Pvt 1 cl
to Corp. Sept. 1, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

BASTIN, JOHN W.

Enl. April 17, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Base Hosp., Camp
Upton, L. I., June 27, 1918.

BATES, BERNARD M.

Enl. June 1, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. To Base
Hosp., Camp Sheridan, Ala.,
Oct. 27, 1917. Hon. Disch.
Nov. 17, 1917.

***BAUDER, CARL B.**

No. 304 Y. M. C. A. Bldg.,
Toledo, Ohio.
Enl. April 4, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Feb. 1, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***BAUGH, JACOB E.**

661 N. Water Street,
Terre Haute, Ind.
Enl. April 28, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***BAURLE, EDWARD W.**

950 Edward Avenue,
Louisville, Ky.
Enl. April 29, 1918. Assgd
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***BEAVER, EDGAR W.**

Box 91,
Cayuga, Ind.
Enl. April 28, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***BECKWITH, ARTHUR M.**

13 Hope Street,
New London, Conn.
Enl. April 30, 1917. Red. fr.
Pvt 1 cl to Pvt Feb. 18, 1919.
Trans. to Camp Upton De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***BENEFIELD, EDWARD R.**

1131 McLain Street,
Indianapolis, Ind.
Enl. April 26, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

BERRY, ELMER W.

Enl. Oct. 12, 1917. Fr. Hq. Co. to Btry. A Feb. 18, 1918. Trans. to Art. School, Saumur, France, Aug. 29, 1918. Attached to Btry. A, pending commission, Dec. 11, 1918. Assgd. to Btry. A as Pvt Feb. 18, 1919. To Sorbonne University, France, Feb. 28, 1917.

BESCH, FREDERIC C.

3641 Sackett Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 18, 1917. Appt. Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Trans. as Pvt 1 cl to Hq. Co. Feb. 5, 1918.

BLANCHARD, THEODORE G.

Trans. to Btry. B. Aug. 27, 1917.

***BODENBENNER, JOSEPH J.**

2020 Garland Avenue,
Louisville, Ky.

Enl. April 29, 1918. Assgd. to Btry. A June 10, 1918. Trans. to Camp Taylor Detachment Feb. 23, 1919, for Hon. Disch.

***BOLGER, THOMAS H.**

1713 Strathmore Avenue,
East Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. May 28, 1917. Appt. Mech. Aug. 3, 1917. Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

BOLLAM, ALBERT E.

5709 White Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. May 29, 1917. Trans. to Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga., Jan. 31, 1918.

***ROSSARD, GUY A.**

R. F. D. No. 2,
Saegertown, Pa.

Enl. Aug. 25, 1917. Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***BOUGHER, CHESTER M.**

924 Bates Street,
Logansport, Ind.

Enl. June 4, 1918. Assgd. to Btry. A Oct. 24, 1918. Trans. to Camp Taylor Detachment Feb. 23, 1919, for Hon. Disch.

BOWMAN, LEONARD C.

Care of Phi Gamma Delta Frat. House, Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 16, 1917. Trans. to Hq. Co. Jan. 20, 1918. Trans. fr. Hq. Co. to Btry. A

March 1, 1918. Trans. to F. A. Replacement Regt. Sept. 26, 1918.

***BOYD, VERNON.**

Painesville, Ohio.

Enl. April 30, 1917. Appt. Pvt 1 cl April 19, 1918. Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***BRADY, BYRON G.**

7016 Quinby Ave., Cleveland, O.
Enl. June 2, 1917. Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

BRANDT, WILLIAM E.

11814 St. Clair Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. July 13, 1917. Trans. to Hq. Co. Nov. 13, 1917.

BRECKENRIDGE, PAUL G.

897 New York Avenue,
Rochester, Pa.

Enl. April 13, 1917. Appt. Pvt 1 cl March 4, 1918. Trans. as Pvt 1 cl to Med. Dept. 37th Div. May 9, 1918.

***BRIAN, ARTHUR S.**

388 McKinley Avenue,
Salem, Ohio.

Enl. May 3, 1917. Appt. Pvt 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***BROWN, BRINTON C.**

4th Street,
Beverly, Ohio.

Enl. May 7, 1917. Appt. Pvt 1 cl June 30, 1918. Trans. to Evacuation Hosp. No. 19, France, Dec. 29, 1918.

BROWN, JAMES A.

2083 E. 83rd Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. Aug. 5, 1917. Appt. Pvt 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Trans. to Camp Green, N. C., Jan. 7, 1918.

***BUNKER, FLOYD.**

Pendleton, Ind.

Enl. April 25, 1918. Assgd. to Btry. A June 10, 1918. Trans. to Camp Taylor Detachment Feb. 23, 1919, for Hon. Disch.

BUNTING, WILLIAM H.

Care of Benj. Moore Co.,
1314 Marquette St.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. May 31, 1917. Appt. Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Trans. to Sup. Co. Jan. 23, 1918.

- BUTLER, CLIFFORD L.**
Hon. Disch. Aug. 2, 1917.
- BURDICK, CARLTON W.**
Hon. Disch. Aug. 4, 1917.
- *CAGG, MILES H.**
R. D. No. 3,
Nelsonville, Ohio.
Enl. Dec. 11, 1916. Trans. as
Corp. fr. Q. M. C. N. A.
May 18, 1918. Corp. to Pvt
Nov. 2, 1918. To Sorbonne
Univ., France, Feb. 26, 1919.
- *CAIN, OMAR J.**
9208 Yale Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. May 14, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl April 19, 1918. Pvt 1 cl
to Corp. June 17, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.
- *CALLAHAN, FREDERICK R.**
3250 Euclid Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. April 17, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. Oct. 18, 1917.
Corp. to Sgt. Dec. 14, 1917.
Sgt. to Mess Sgt. Dec. 16,
1917. Mess Sgt. to June 1,
1918. Sgt. to Sup. Sgt. Aug.
1, 1918. Hon. Disch. April
10, 1919.
- *CALTA, AUGUST.**
13701 Bartlett Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. Sept. 1, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Jan. 9, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 11, 1919.
- *CAREY, HAMPSON.**
377 Franklin Avenue,
Salem, Ohio.
Enl. April 17, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 11, 1917. Red. to
Pvt March 16, 1918. Reappt.
Corp. April 16, 1918. Corp.
to Mess Sgt. Sept. 1, 1918.
Trans. as Sgt. to Art. School,
Saumur, France, Oct. 28,
1918. Assgd. to Btry. A as
Pvt Feb. 18, 1919. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Feb. 19, 1919. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.
- CARMITCHEL, BENJAMIN H.**
Strong, No. County, Pa.
Enl. June 2, 1917. Trans.
to Hq. Co. Oct. 2, 1917.
- *CARR, DEAN W.**
1671 Auburndale Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. May 21, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 11, 1917. Corp.
- to Sgt. Jan. 10, 1918. Red. to
Pvt. Feb. 18, 1919. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.
- *CARSNER, ELROY E.**
1428 Beecham Street,
Toledo, Ohio.
Enl. July 24, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A Oct. 24, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.
- *CARTEAUX, JULIUS F.**
123 Newman Avenue,
Kendallville, Ind.
Enl. April 25, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Appt. Pvt 1 cl Nov. 2, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.
- CASSIDY, JOHN A.**
728 Dixmyth Avenue,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Enl. June 4, 1917. Trans. as
Hs. fr. Sup. Co. May 14, 1918.
Trans. as Hs. to 136th F. A.,
Btry. F., Oct. 6, 1918.
- *CASTEEL, JOHN E.**
1382 Russell Road,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. Aug. 2, 1917. Assgd. to
Btry. A April 25, 1918. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Dec. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.
- *CHAPMAN, KENNETH S.**
200 Princeton Avenue,
Elyria, Ohio.
Enl. May 7, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 11, 1917. Red.
to Pvt Jan. 10, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.
- *CHERVENKA, EUGENE C.**
1710 Buhner Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. May 28, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. June 1, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.
- *CHERVENKA, HOWARD K.**
1710 Buhner Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. June 2, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt 1 cl
to Corp. April 19, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***CHRISTIAN, RUSSELL A.**

6410 Dibble Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. May 28, 1917. Trans. to
Base Hosp. June 15, 1918.
Re-assgd. to Btry. A Oct. 16,
1918. Hon. Disch. April 10,
1919.

***CHRISTY, THOMAS C.**

12341 Euclid Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. Aug. 14, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Jan. 17, 1919. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***CLARK, ALBERT L.**

1370 King Street, West,
Toronto, Canada.

Enl. Oct. 12, 1917. Trans.
fr. Sup. Co. Oct. 27, 1917.
Appt. Pvt 1 cl Jan. 17, 1919.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

CLARKE, ERNEST.

Enl. April 24, 1917. Appt.
St. Sgt. Aug. 8, 1917. Re-
lieved fr. d. as St. Sgt. Aug.
1, 1918. Trans. to Vet. Corps,
N. A., 135th F. A., Aug. 20,
1918.

***CLARK, NEIL.**

Windsor Avenue, Del Ray,
Alexandria, Va.

Enl. April 26, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Trans.
to Camp Upton Detachment
Feb. 23, 1919, for Hon.
Disch.

CLOUSE, RALPH W.

Enl. June 25, 1917. Trans.
to Btry. E June 25, 1917.

***COLLINS, JAMES H.**

1821 S. Myers Street,
Paducah, Ky.

Enl. April 28, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***COLLINS, OMER F.**

1329 E. 124th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. July 24, 1917. Appt.
Cook Oct. 1, 1917. Relieved
fr. d. as Cook May 13, 1918.
Appt. Pvt 1 cl Aug. 1, 1918.
Pvt 1 cl to Corp. Nov. 2, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

COMSTOCK, HENRY M.

1723 Lake Front Avenue,
East Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. May 1, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Trans.

as Pvt 1 cl to Hq. Co. Jan.
20, 1918. Re-assgd. to Btry.
A March 1, 1918. Trans. to
Camp Merritt, N. J., March
28, 1918.

***CONNELL, JAMES J.**

Myers Rd.,
Geneva, Ohio.

Enl. May 28, 1917. Appt. Hs.
Oct. 1, 1917. Relieved fr.
d. as Hs. May 15, 1918.
Appt. Pvt 1 cl Dec. 1, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

COOPER, CHARLES M.

114 Harmon Street,
Warren, O.

Enl. April 15, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Jan. 10, 1918. Trans.
as Corp. to 112th Eng. May
18, 1918.

COTTER, MICHAEL J.

653 E. 93rd Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 30, 1917. Trans.
to Brigade Hqs. Feb. 22, 1918.

***COTTRELL, HERSCHEL M.**

R. F. D., Box No. 121,
Terre Haute, Ind.

Enl. April 25, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

COWELL, HOWARD U.

1447 W. 57th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. May 29, 1917. Trans.
to Depot Brigade, Camp Jack-
son, S. C., May 18, 1918.

***COX, ALLEN D.**

2167 E. 101st Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 25, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***CROSSON, ROBERT.**

1000 S. 3rd Street,
Terre Haute, Ind.

Enl. April 26, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***CROTTY, DANIEL B.**

2228 E. 95th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 16, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 3rd, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***CROWN, ELMER.**

404 E. Salem Avenue,
Salem, Ind.

Enl. April 27, 1918. Assgd. to
Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

CULL, FRANK X.

17406 Nottingham Road,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. June 4, 1917. D. S.
to O. R. C. Aug. 25, 1917.
Hon. Disch. to accept com-
mission Nov. 26, 1917.

CULLETON, JOHN R.

Enl. June 3, 1917. Hon.
Disch. to enter U. S. Mil-
itary Academy, West Point.
May 21, 1918.

CUSTIN, JAMES R.

Wakefield, Kans.

Enl. April 19, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Trans.
to 112th Eng. Dec. 4, 1917.

***DANIELS, WALTER S.**

4228 Farsyt Avenue,
East Chicago, Ind.

Enl. April 24, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1919.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 13, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

DANTZER, ALFRED C.

Enl. April 30, 1917. Trans
to Btry. B. Aug. 28, 1917.

***DAVIS, KENT L.**

1828 W. 44th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. July 25, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***DAY, JOHN A.**

Twinsburg, Ohio.

Enl. May 28, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***DELLENBARGER, LYNN E.**

Ravenna, Ohio.

Enl. May 4, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Feb. 1, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***DENTON, ORVAL.**

Newburg, Ind.

Enl. April 26, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***DIBBEN, WILLIAM T.**

Franklin Street,
Hudson, Ohio.

Enl. April 17, 1917. Trans.
to Brigade Hqs. April 27,
1918. Re-assgd. to Btry. A
Sept. 16, 1918. Trans. to
Hq. 9th Army Corps Dec. 3,
1918.

***DIERMAYER, FRANK.**

5617 Dibble Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. May 31, 1917. Appt.
Mess Sgt. Aug. 3, 1917. Red.
to Pvt Sept. 13, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

DILLON, CARL W.

619 Middle Avenue,
Elyria, Ohio.

Enl. April 17, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 11, 1917. Corp.
to Sgt. Jan. 10, 1918. Trans.
as Sgt. to Art. School, Sau-
mur, France, Aug. 29, 1918.
Attached to Btry. A., pend-
ing commission, Nov. 29, 1918.
Assgd. to Btry. A as Sgt.
Feb. 18, 1919. Hon. Disch.
April 10, 1919.

***DILLON, JAMES O.**

619 Middle Avenue,
Elyria, Ohio.

Enl. April 17, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***DOWNS, JOHN P.**

11512 Carolina Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 16, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***EADES, THOMAS W.**

R. F. D. No. 1,
Waynesburg, Ky.

Enl. April 28, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry A June 10, 1918.
Appt. Pvt 1 cl Feb. 19, 1919.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***EINEMAN, RALPH.**

Sugar Grove, Ohio.

Enl. June 4, 1917. Trans.
fr. Hq. Co. Sept. 5, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***ELLIOTT, CARL S.**

Fillmore, Ind.

Enl. April 27, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***ENGLAR, JULIAN J.**

1898 E. 89th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. March 26, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A April 1, 1918.
Appt. Pvt 1 cl June 20, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***FRICKSON, SOLOMON G.**

12302 Beachwood Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 23, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl April 19, 1918. Pvt
1 cl to Cook June 1, 1918.
Cook to Pvt 1 cl Aug. 1, 1918.
Appt. Corp. March 26, 1919.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

EVANS, PERCY V.

1088 E. 148th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. May 27, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Trans.
as Pvt 1 cl to Hq. Co. March
1, 1918.

***FANNIN, MARQUIS, De L.**

Beechy, Ky.

Enl. April 29, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

FARNSWORTH, PAUL.

Marietta, Ohio.

Enl. June 16, 1917. Assgd.
to Btry. A Oct. 27, 1917.
Trans. to 112th Am. Tr.
March 29, 1918.

***FAXON, HORACE S.**

509 Middle Avenue,
Elyria, Ohio.

Enl. April 30, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

FEICHTMEIER, FRANK.

8315 Detroit Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. June 25, 1917. Appt.
Cook July 15, 1917. Trans.
as Cook to Hq. Co. April 15,
1918.

***FERAN, RICHARD I.**

680 E. 115th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 13, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. June 1, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***FORREST, WALTER A.**

803 S. Main Street,
Normal, Ill.

Enl. July 17, 1917. Appt.
Cook fr. Pvt 1 cl April 19,
1918. Trans. to Base Hosp.
No. 85, Angers, Frances, Feb.
23, 1919.

FOX, GEORGE H.

632 E. 115th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. June 6, 1917. Trans. to
Hq. Co. Aug. 20, 1917.

***FRANKENSTEIN, HAROLD H.**

932 W. 9th Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Enl. June 4, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A Oct. 24, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***FRANTZ, RAY E.**

Goshen, Ind.

Enl. April 25, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Appt. Pvt 1 cl Dec. 1, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

FREED, AARON A.

Enl. July 2, 1917. Trans.
to Btry. B. Oct. 8, 1917.

FREUND, PAUL H.

103 Upper 7th Street,
Evansville, Ind.

Enl. May 8, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917.
Trans. as Pvt 1 cl to Hq. Co.
March 1, 1918.

***FRITZ, DONALD E.**

513 W. North Street,
Lima, Ohio.

Enl. April 13, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***GARDNER, VIRGIL W.**

1469 E. 115th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. June 4, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl April 19, 1918. To
English Univ., Winchester.
England, Feb. 28, 1919.

GARRETSON, HIRAM.

3716 Euclid Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. Sept. 24, 1917. Hon.
Disch. at Ft. Leavenworth,
Kans., to accept commission,
Feb. 25, 1918.

- GARTMAN, ALFRED W.**
2107 W. 89th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. March 30, 1914. Appt.
Pvt. 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Trans.
to Sup. Co. Nov. 13, 1917.
- *GEAR, CARROLL J.**
10805 Orville Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. June 4, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl June 20, 1918. Red. to
Pvt Jan. 17, 1919. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.
- *GEORGE, WILLIAM M.**
Liberty, Ind.
Enl. April 26, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.
- GIBBS, RALPH W.**
O. B. C. Aug. 14, 1917.
- *GIBSON, CLARENCE K.**
R. F. D. No. 1,
Ossian, Ind.
Enl. April 27, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.
- GIFFORD, CLARENCE A.**
9609 Empire Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. May 1, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Trans.
as Pvt 1 cl to Hq. Co.
March 1, 1918.
- *GREELEY, PATRICK F.**
507 N. New Jersey Street,
Indianapolis, Ind.
Enl. April 26, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.
- *GREENFIELD, GEORGE T.**
16715 Lake Avenue,
Lakewood, Ohio.
Enl. June 4, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. Dec. 14, 1917.
Corp. to Mess Sgt. June 1,
1918. Mess Sgt. to Sgt. Aug.
1, 1918. Hon. Disch. April
10, 1919.
- *GROVE, BENJAMIN H.**
811 S. 16th Street,
Terre Haute, Ind.
Enl. April 6, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.
- *GRUNDER, LELAND N.**
Dunn Avenue, R. F. D.,
Canton, Ohio.
Enl. April 27, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 11, 1919.
- *HARDING, WILLIAM W.**
1335 S. Arch Avenue,
Alliance, Ohio.
Enl. June 2, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.
- *HARMON, BRADY H.**
14119 Bardwell Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. June 4, 1917. Appt.
Hs. Oct. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.
- *HARRIS, ARTHUR L.**
North Street,
Euclid, Ohio.
Enl. April 18, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.
- *HARRIS, GRADY.**
507 Cushman Street,
East Chattanooga, Tenn.
Enl. June 26, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A Oct. 24, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Upton De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.
- HARRIS, ROSEMAN L.**
4444 N. St. Louis Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.
Appt. 1st Sgt. fr. Pvt Aug.
3, 1917. D. S. to O. T. S.,
Leon Springs, Texas, Jan. 7,
1918. D. S. to D. April 18,
1918. Hon. Disch. to accept
commission as 2nd Lieut.
USNG May 11, 1918.
- HARRY, SAMUEL.**
Enl. June 2, 1917. Trans. to
Depot Brigade, Camp Jack-
son, S. C., May 21, 1918.

***HARTMAN, DALE A.**

342 Bellefontaine Avenue,
Marion, Ohio.

Enl. April 17, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl April 1, 1918. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. Aug. 1, 1918.
To University of Poitiers,
France, Feb. 28, 1919.

HATCHER, HARRY T.

Hon. Disch. to accept com-
mission at Ft. Benj. Harrison
Aug. 14, 1917.

***HATHAWAY, FOSTER H.**

1824 E. 79th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 17, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 3, 1917. Corp. to
Sgt. Aug. 11, 1917. D. S.
to O. T. S., Leon Springs,
Texas, Jan. 7, 1918. D. S.
to D. April 18, 1918. Red.
fr. Sgt. to Pvt Feb. 18,
1919. Hon. Disch. April 10,
1919.

HAYWARD, HOMER.

131 Clifton Place,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Enl. April 17, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Trans.
as Pvt 1 cl to Hq. Co. April
17, 1918.

***HEDGES, HARRY C.**

1276 W. 110th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 23, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***HEILE, GUS T.**

1336 E. 91st Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. June 4, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Cook June 20, 1918.
Cook to Corp. Aug. 1, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***HERRINGSHAW, CHARLES H.**

14473 Euclid Avenue,
East Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. June 2, 1917. Appt.
Mech. Oct. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

HEYDLER, CARL W.

1903 E. 81st Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. July 26, 1917. Trans.
to Hq. Co. Oct. 2, 1917.

HILFER, FRANK P.

3448 Euclid Boulevard,
Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Enl. June 2, 1917. Trans.
to Camp Merritt, N. J., March
28, 1918.

HILL, TYRONE T.

5823 Thomas Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Enl. June 21, 1916. Trans
to Camp Merritt, N. J.,
March 28, 1918.

***HOLAH, RALPH M.**

14432 Euclid Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 25, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***HOLTKAMP, WALTER H.**

1299 Belle Avenue,
Lakewood, Ohio.

Enl. June 4, 1917. Appt.
Pvt. 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. Jan. 10, 1918.
Corp. to Sgt. Sept. 1, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

HORNICKLE, FRANK L.

Enl. July 9, 1917. D. S.
to Ft. Benj. Harrison, Ind.,
Aug. 25, 1917. Hon. Disch.
to accept commission Nov.
26, 1917.

***HUBER, ALVA H.**

1608 E. 42nd Street,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Enl. April 26, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***HUBER, FRED L.**

520 W. 44th Street,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Enl. April 25, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

HUESTIS, JAMES D.

1748 Noble Road,
E. Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. May 28, 1917. Appt.
Corp. March 14, 1918. Trans.
as Corp. to Hq. Co. Aug
1, 1918.

***HUGUENIN, EDWARD L.**

1416 Erie Street,
Youngstown, Ohio.
Enl. May 31, 1917. Appt.
Cook Sept. 1, 1917. Re-
lieved fr. duty as Cook June
1, 1918. Hon. Disch. April
10, 1919.

***HUNT, NATHAN.**

638 McKinley Avenue.
Salem, Ohio.
Enl. April 9, 1917. Appt.
Mech. in Co. C., 134th Mach.
Gun Bn. Sept. 25, 1917.
Trans. to Btry. A as Pvt.
Nov. 6, 1917. Appt. Pvt 1 cl
June 20, 1918. Hon. Disch.
April 10, 1919.

***HUTSON, JOHN F.**

48 North Union Street,
Salem, Ohio.
Enl. May 3, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Nov. 14, 1917. Pvt 1 cl
to Corp. Nov. 2, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***JAMES, HARRY J.**

10600 Drexel Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. July 7, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Pvt 1 cl
to Corp. Oct. 18, 1917.

***JENSEN, ALBERT C.**

Little Valley, N. Y.
Enl. May 7, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***JOHNSON, LAWRENCE R.**

1320 W. 93rd Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. April 13, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***JOYCE, CHARLES W.**

696 E. 117th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. April 12, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. Feb. 13, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

JOYCE, FRANCIS T.

696 E. 117th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. May 1, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Jan. 9, 1918. Trans.
as Pvt 1 cl to Sup. Co. June
10, 1918.

***JUSTEN, LEO.**

309 W. 20th Street,
Lorain, O.
Enl. June 29, 1917. Appt Pvt
1 cl June 20, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

KAMERER, CHARLES I.

7506 Everett Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. June 16, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. D. S.
to O. T. S., Leon Springs,
Texas, Jan. 7, 1918. D. S.
to D. April 18, 1918. Appt.
Sgt. April 19, 1918. Trans.
to F. A. Repl. Depot, Camp
Jackson, S. C., April 13, 1918.

***KENNEDY, CHARLES T.**

523 McKinley Avenue,
Salem, Ohio.
Enl. April 17, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. Jan. 10, 1918.
Corp. to Sgt. June 17, 1918.
Sgt. to St. Sgt. Aug. 1, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***KENNEDY, DONALD F.**

1880 E. 79th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. April 12, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. June 17, 1918.
Corp. to Sgt. Sept. 11, 1918.
Sgt. to 1st Sgt. Nov. 1, 1918.
Trans. to Conv. Hosp., Camp
Sherman, Ohio, April 10,
1919.

***KINSEY, ROY E.**

242 N. Liberty Street,
Gallon, Ohio.
Enl. April 13, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. Oct. 18, 1917.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

KOPMAN, HAL W.

9203 Hillock Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. June 4, 1917. Appt.
Bugler Aug. 3, 1917. Bugler
to Pvt. Aug. 15, 1917. Trans.
to 19th Eng., Camp Merritt,
N. J., March 18, 1918.

***KORTZ, CLYDE C.**

9408 Empire Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. June 4, 1917. Appt. Sgt.
fr. Pvt. Aug. 3, 1917. Trans.
to Base Hosp., Camp Sheri-
dan, Ala., June 15, 1918.
Reported to Btry. A Oct. 28,
1918. Asg'd. to Btry. A as
Sgt. Dec. 1, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***KOWALSKI, ANTON.**

1044 E. 141st Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. May 28, 1917. Appt. Ch.
Mech. Aug. 3, 1917. Trans.
to Conv. Hosp., Camp Sher-
man, Ohio, April 10, 1919.

***KRAUSE, ANTHONY R.**

2241 E. 101st Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 30, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Aug. 1, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

KROESIN, RICHARD L.

11212 Edgewater Drive,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. Aug. 11, 1917. Appt.
Mess Sgt. fr. Pvt. Sept. 13,
1917. Mess Sgt. to Sgt. Dec.
16, 1917. Trans. as Pvt. to
Q. M. C. Dec. 17, 1917.

***KUHN, EARL R.**

R. F. D. No. 5,
Marietta, Ohio.

Enl. 7th Ohio Inf. Aug. 12,
1918. Trans. to Btry. A Oct.
27, 1917. Appt. Pvt 1 cl June
20, 1918. Hon. Disch. April
10, 1919.

***KURTH, HERMAN M.**

E 104th Street & Union Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. Jan. 17, 1918. Asg'd.
to Btry. A March 26, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***LACKAMP, JAMES B.**

9907 Kempton Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. July 25, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Jan. 9, 1918. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. Nov. 2, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***LADDS, HERBERT P.**

1645 Putnam Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Enl. April 26, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 11, 1917. Corp
to Sgt. Jan. 10, 1918. Sgt.
to 1st Sgt. Aug. 1, 1918.
Trans. as 1st Sgt. to Art.
School, Saumur, France,
Oct. 28, 1918. Attached for
rations Feb. 13, 1919. Drop-
ped Feb. 13, 1919.

***LAMP, HERBERT A.**

4210 Bridge Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. May 28, 1917. Appt.
Cook June 1, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***LARIE, GEORGE A.**

1053 E. Center Street,
Marion, Ohio.

Enl. June 2, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

LATIMER, ERWIN D.

7310 Franklin Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. Aug. 15, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Trans.
to Q. M. C. April 9, 1918.

***LAWRENCE, ELMER G.**

1246 E. 103rd Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. May 1, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 3, 1917. Corp.
to Sgt. June 1, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

LAYTON, HAROLD S.

Enl. April 15, 1917. Trans.
to Camp Greene, N. C., Jan.
7, 1918. Died of pneumonia
at Camp Greene.

***LEE, ROBERT E.**

9 Powell Lane, Melbourne,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Enl. April 18, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 3, 1917. D. S.
to O. T. S., Leon Springs
Texas, Jan. 7, 1918. D. S.
to D. March 16, 1918. Red.
fr. Corp. to Pvt. Nov. 2,
1918. Trans. to Camp Upton
Detachment Feb. 23, 1919,
for Hon. Disch.

***LEWIS, NEIL H.**

2100 Stanwood Road,
East Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. April 19, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

LEWIS, OWEN L.

535 S. Union Avenue,
Alliance, Ohio.
Enl. June 2, 1917. Appt.
Pvt. 1 cl Jan. 9, 1918. Trans.
as Pvt 1 cl to Hq. Co. April
17, 1918.

***LEWIS, PHILIP H.**

2100 Stanwood Road,
East Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. April 18, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***LIGHT, RALPH A.**

404 Perry Avenue,
Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Enl. April 26, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Appt. Cook Aug. 1, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

LINCOLN, DONALD.

1911 E. 97th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. June 25, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 11, 1917. D. S.
to 4th O. T. C. May 15,
1918. Trans. to Inf. Repl.
Troops, N. A., May 25,
1918.

***LINE, HARLEY L.**

Route No. 5,
Columbia City, Ind.
Enl. March 29, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***LISTER, WALTER B.**

Twinsburg, Ohio.
Enl. Jan. 8, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A March 26, 1918.
To Univ. of Poitiers, France,
Feb. 26, 1919.

***LIVERMORE, HENRY W.**

420 High Street,
Warren, Ohio.
Enl. June 2, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl March 4, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***LOGAN, EDMUND A.**

15521 Clifton Boulevard,
Lakewood, Ohio.
Enl. Aug. 9, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt 1 cl
to Corp. Oct. 18, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***LOWRANCE, HARRY L.**

Newburgh, Ind.
Enl. April 29, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***LUTHER, ALEXANDER H.**

10127 N. Boulevard,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. April 25, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl April 3, 1918. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. Aug. 1, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***LYTLE, DAVY F.**

Fredericksburg, Ohio.
Enl. May 31, 1917. Appt.
Saddler Aug. 3, 1917. Hon
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***McBRIDE, CHARLES.**

419 E. 3rd Street,
Dover, Ohio.
Enl. May 30, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***McBRIDE, JOHN H.**

111 W. Erie Street,
Painesville, Ohio.
Enl. May 3, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

McCLEERY, FREDRIC.

225 Goshen Road,
Salem, Ohio.
Enl. April 17, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 11, 1917. D. S.
to 4th O. T. C. May 15,
1918. Trans. to Inf. Repl.
Troops, N. A., May 25, 1918.

McCUDDEN, RICHARD S.

Enl. May 30, 1917. Hon.
Disch. Nov. 13, 1917.

***McGILL, JOSEPH W.**

923 E. 147th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. May 28, 1917. Trans.
to Evac. Hosp., Millery,
France, Oct. 23, 1918. Re-
assgd. to Btry. A Dec. 26,
1918. Hon. Disch. April 10,
1919.

***McMAHON, ROBERT E.**

West Park, Ohio.
Enl. July 24, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***McRAE, THOMAS H.**

Eagleville, Tenn.

Enl. Aug. 28, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Feb. 7, 1918. Pvt
1 cl to Cook May 13, 1918.
Cook to Corp. June 1, 1918.
Corp. to Cook, by request,
Aug. 1, 1918. Hon. Disch.
April 10, 1919.

MALM, DOUGLAS R.

1448 E. 115th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. May 4, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 3, 1917. Corp.
to Sgt. Aug. 11, 1917. Sgt.
to 1st Sgt. April 19, 1918.
Trans. as 1st Sgt. to Art.
School, Saumur, France, July
29, 1918.

***MANDELBAUM, HERMAN S.**

10210 Winchester Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. May 1st, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***MARK, GEORGE L.**

Minerva, Ohio.

Enl. April 30, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl March 4, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***MARKOWSKI, JOSEPH.**

213 E. 28th St.,
Erie, Pa.

Enl. June 4, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***MERRILL, DAVID R.**

130 Lakeview Avenue,
Jamestown, N. Y.

Enl. June 4, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. June 1, 1918.
Red. fr. Corp. to Pvt. July
28, 1918. Pvt 1 cl to Corp.
Nov. 2, 1918. Hon. Disch.
April 10, 1919.

***MEYERS, EDWARD T.**

921 Paradrome Street,
Mt. Adams, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Enl. April 29, 1918. Asg'd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 24, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***MILLER, CARL J.**

761 Eddy Road,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. July 12, 1917. Appt.
Corp. April 1, 1918. Corp. to
Sgt. Aug. 1, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***MINSHALL, PERLEY S.**

2525 Chatham Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. July 19, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Red. fr.
Pvt 1 cl to Pvt. Jan. 17, 1919.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

MONROE, HARRY C.

Enl. May 5, 1917. Trans. to
Btry. E. May 5, 1917,

***MONTGOMERY, EDWIN S.**

Frazeysburg, Ohio.

Enl. May 3, 1917. Asg'd. to
Btry. A Nov. 13, 1917.
Trans. to Q. M. C. Corps.
N. A. Camp, Dec. 1, 1917.
Re-assgd. to Btry. A April 21,
1918. Hon. Disch. April 10,
1919.

***MOODEY, STERLING A.**

119 Mentor Avenue,
Painesville, Ohio.

Enl. April 24, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. Oct. 18, 1917.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

MORRIS, DOUGLAS.

Enl. June 4, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 3, 1917. Hon.
Disch. Feb. 5, 1918.

***MOSES, GEORGE.**

1289 Warren Road,
Lakewood, Ohio.

Enl. April 4, 1918. Asg'd.
to Btry. A April 8, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

MURRAY, JOHN H.

Painesville, Ohio.

Enl. April 23, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 3, 1917. Corp.
to Sgt. Oct. 18, 1917. Sgt.
to Sup. Sgt. Dec. 19, 1917.
Supt. Sgt. to Mess Sgt. Aug.
1, 1918. Trans. as Sgt. to
Art. School, Saumur, France,
Aug. 29, 1918. Attached to
Btry. A., pending commission,
Nov. 29, 1918. Re-assgd. to
Btry. A as Sgt. Feb. 18, 1919.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***NICHOLS, STERLING C.**

7713 Force Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. Jan. 18, 1918. Assgd. to
Btry. A March 12, 1918.
Appt. Pvt 1 cl June 20, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***NORRIS, MERLE S.**

Twinsburg, Ohio.

Enl. July 5, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***OBERLE, CLAYTON C.**

15710 Clifton Boulevard,
Lakewood, Ohio.

Enl. June 2, 1917. Appt.
Pvt. 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. Aug. 1, 1918.
Corp. to Mess Sgt. Nov. 2,
1918. Hon. Disch. April 10,
1919.

***OBRAZA, FRANK.**

1391 E. 41st Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. June 2, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

OLIVER, STEVE H.

Hon. Disch. Aug. 4, 1917.

OSTERLOH, ALBERT F., JR.

46 S. Fir Street,
Akron, Ohio.

Enl. April 13, 1917. Appt.
Bugler Aug. 15, 1917. Bugler
to Pvt. Sept. 11, 1917. Trans.
to Camp Merritt, N. J.,
March 28, 1918. Re-assgd.
to Btry. A Feb. 12, 1919.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

PENNELL, LAWRENCE P.

549 S. Linden Avenue,
Alliance, Ohio.

Enl. April 23, 1917. Appt.
Sgt. fr. Pvt. Aug. 3, 1917.
D. S. 4th O. T. C. May 15,
1918. Trans. to Inf. Repl.
Troops, N. A., May 25, 1918.

***PETHTEL, HOWARD Z.**

Turney Road, Madison, Ohio.

Enl. April 30, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. Feb. 7, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***POWERS, HARRY L.**

Lyons, Ky.

Enl. April 30, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Hill De-
tachment April 1, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***PULLEN, CARLTON W.**

Enl. May 29, 1917. Died 5:00
A. M. March 25, 1919, aboard
U. S. S. Vermont.

***PUSZCZEWICZ, STANLEY.**

1916 Manhattan Street,
Michigan City, Ind.

Enl. April 27, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

REED, ROBERT C.

Athens, Ohio.

Enl. April 21, 1914. Assgd.
to Btry. A fr. 136th F. A.
Nov. 21, 1917. Trans. to
Btry. E, 135th F. A., Dec.
4, 1917.

REYNOLDS, RUSSELL D.

Painesville, Ohio.

Enl. May 1, 1917. Trans.
to 112th Trench Mort. Btry.
Nov. 9, 1917.

***ROGERS, STANLEY.**

Covington, Ind.

Enl. April 25, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

ROEMER, JOHN H.

Hon. Disch. July 30, 1917.

ROSE, DAVID J.

11710 Beulah Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. Aug. 9, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Dec. 4, 1917. Trans. as
Pvt 1 cl to Enlisted Ordnance
Corps, Dec. 4, 1917.

ROSSI, ANTHONY.

2237 Edgemoor Road,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. June 1, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Trans. to
Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.,
Jan. 31, 1918.

- SALSBURG, ADOLPH L.**
1517 East Boulevard,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. July 24, 1917. Trans.
to Camp Green, N. C., Jan.
7, 1918.
- *SCHAK, EDWARD A.**
13902 Castalia Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. June 3, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.
- *SCHILENSKE, JOHN L.**
R. F. D. No. 1,
Berea, Ohio.
Enl. June 2, 1917. Appt.
Hs. Oct. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.
- SCOTT, ALBERT F.**
124 W. Market Street,
Alliance, Ohio.
Enl. June 4, 1917. Trans.
to Hq. Co. April 17, 1918.
- *SEGNOR, ORLEY W.**
3013 Natchez Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. April 14, 1917. Appt.
Bugler Aug. 3, 1917. Bugler
to Bugler 1 cl Jan. 1, 1919.
Hon. Disch. April 11, 1919.
- *SELF, BENNIE.**
Fargo, Ind.
Enl. April 27, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.
- *SEYBOLD, ARNOLD D.**
French Lick, Ind.
Enl. April 27, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918. Appt.
Bugler Oct. 4, 1918. Trans.
to Camp Taylor Detachment
Feb. 23, 1919, for Hon.
Disch.
- *SHINN, THORPE P.**
McGrawsville, Ind.
Enl. April 26, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.
- *SIEGENTHALER, REINHARD K.**
5617 Dibble Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. June 2, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl May 13, 1918. Pvt 1 cl
to Corp. Sept. 1, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.
- SILK, ERNEST A.**
Trans. to Hq. Co. July 27,
1917.
- *SIMONS, VAUGHN H.**
946 Seyburn Avenue,
Detroit, Mich.
Enl. April 30, 1917. Appt.
Pvt. 1 cl Sept. 11, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.
- SIX, GARNET L.**
17 Furnace Street,
Logan, Ohio.
Enl. May 29, 1917. Assgd. to
Btry. A. Oct. 27, 1917.
Trans. to Enlisted Ordnance
Corps Dec. 4, 1917.
- *SIXT, RAYMOND E.**
West Park, Ohio.
Enl. May 11, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. Jan. 10, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.
- *SMITH, FRANKLIN H.**
Culbertson, Mont.
Enl. April 16, 1917. Appt.
Sgt. fr. Pvt. Aug. 3, 1917.
Trans. to Conv. Hosp., Camp
Sherman, Ohio, April 10, 1919.
- *SMITH, STUART P.**
11506 Clifton Boulevard,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. May 4, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Feb. 1, 1918. Pvt 1 cl
to Corp. April 19, 1918.
Corp. to Sgt. Nov. 2, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.
- *SMITH, VERNON J.**
1959 W. 104th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. April 4, 1918. Assgd. to
Btry. A April 8, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.
- *SNIDER, FRED J.**
6812 Zoeter Avenue.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. Aug. 13, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.
- SOBOSLAY, ERWIN M.**
Hon. Disch. Aug. 4, 1917.
- *SOBOSLAY, STEVEN W.**
2774 E. 92nd Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. June 1, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl April 19, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***SORRELLS, JOHN.**

R. F. D. No. 3,
Beaver Dam, Ky.
Enl. April 28, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***SPEED, THOMAS R.**

2633 E. 139th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. April 14, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***SPEED, WILLIAM S.**

2633 E. 130th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. May 21, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 3, 1917. Corp. to
Sgt. Aug. 11, 1917. Trans.
to Field Hosp., Essey,
France, Nov. 1, 1918. Re-
assgd. to Btry. A Nov. 22,
1918. Red. fr. Sgt. to Pvt.
Dec. 1, 1918. Hon. Disch.
April 10, 1919.

STOFER, FRED H.

2270 E. 95th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. April 27, 1917. Appt.
Sgt. fr. Pvt. Aug. 3, 1917.
Hon. Disch. to accept com-
mission Dec. 18, 1918.

STOFFEL, EDWARD H.

6704 Hague Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. July 30, 1917. Trans
to Hq. Co. March 1, 1918.

STONE, NATHAN J.

Trans. to Btry. B Aug. 27,
1917.

***STRATTON, DONALD G.**

1544 Robinwood Avenue,
Lakewood, Ohio.
Enl. Dec. 6, 1917. Assgd. to
Btry. A Jan. 23, 1918. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Nov. 2, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***STRAUGHAN, CHARLEY S.**

Enl. April 29, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Base Hosp., Camp
Sheridan, Ala., June 15, 1918.
Re-assgd. to Btry. A Aug. 17,
1918. Trans. to Evac. Hosp.
No. 12, France, Oct. 27, 1918.

***STRAUSS, BARTHOLO J.**

1875 E. 70th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. June 6, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl April 19, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

STROCK, HARRY K.

Geneva, Ohio.
Enl. May 4, 1917. Appt.
Sgt. fr. Pvt. Aug. 3, 1917.
D. S. to 4 O. T. C. May
15, 1918. Trans. to Inf.
Repl. Troops, N. A., May
25, 1918.

SWEET, CHARLES P.

Care of Mrs. Ray Simmons,
R. F. D. No. 4,
Ashtabula, Ohio.
Enl. June 1, 1917. Appt.
Mech. Oct. 1, 1917. Trans.
as Mech. to Depot Brigade,
Camp Jackson, S. C., May
18, 1918.

***TABER, HARRY L.**

923 W. Laport Street,
Plymouth, Ind.
Enl. April 26, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***TAYLOR, ALLAN C.**

R. F. D. No. 5,
Chardon, Ohio.
Enl. Oct. 23, 1917. Assgd. to
Btry. A Oct. 27, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

TAYLOR, VIRGIL C.

11916 Carlton Road,
Euclid Heights, Ohio.
Enl. June 30, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 11, 1917. Hon.
Disch. to accept commission
Febr. 6, 1918.

***TERRELL, HARRISON M.**

231 N. East Avenue,
Oak Park, Ill.
Enl. April 17, 1917. To
London University, England.
Feb. 26, 1919.

***THOMAS, WILBERT J.**

2241 E. 100th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. April 21, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl May 15, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

TIERNEY, EDWARD.

Care of Mrs. Marguerite Mc-Nama,
921 Lindy Street,
Toledo, Ohio.
Enl. July 11, 1917. Assgd.
to Btry. A March 20, 1918.
Trans. to Depot Brigade,
Camp Jackson, S. C. May 30,
1918.

***UNDERWOOD, CARL M.**

N. Academy Street,
Lodi, Ohio.
Enl. April 23, 1917. Appt.
Bugler Aug. 15, 1917. Bugler
to Pvt. Oct. 4, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

VAN WASSENHOVE, AUGUST.

2212 Cedar Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. April 12, 1917. App't.
Cook July 15, 1917. Trans.
as Cook to Supply Co. June
10, 1918. Hon. Disch. to ac-
cept commission as 2nd Lieut.
and attached to 38th Div.
Hqs.

***WAGNER, HAROLD C.**

West Park, Ohio.
Enl. May 11, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Nov. 2, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***WAGNER, JOHN H.**

3287 W. 82nd Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. May 2, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A. May 17, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***WALL, ADELBERT M.**

Twinsburg, Ohio.
Enl. July 7, 1917. Appt. Pvt
1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Hon. Disch.
April 10, 1919.

***WASOSKI, JOHN.**

South Bend, Ind.
Enl. April 27, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

WATTERSON, STUART E.

8012 Carnegie Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. July 24, 1917. Appt.
Pvt. 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917.
Trans. to Sup. Co. as Pvt
1 cl May 14, 1918.

WEBER, WINFIELD W.

2207 E. 85th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Assgd. to Btry. A May 17,
1918. Trans. to Base Hosp.,
Camp Upton, L. I., June 27,
1918.

***WHITE, EUGENE A.**

25 Brookline Avenue,
Salem, Ohio.
Enl. April 17, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Pv.
1 cl to Hs. Dec. 1, 1918.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***WILLIAMS, HAROLD W.**

231 Carlton Avenue,
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Enl. June 6, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 3, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

WILLIAMS, ROBERT C.

790 Woodward Avenue,
Detroit, Mich.
Enl. July 10, 1917. Appt.
Corp. Aug. 11, 1917. Red.
fr. Corp. to Pvt. April 1,
1918. Trans. to S. O. S.
Hosp., Revigny, France, Oct.
7, 1918.

***WILSON, DOUGLAS E.**

3139 E. 94th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. June 4, 1917. Appt.
Mech. May 18, 1918. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***WILSON, JOHN E.**

14104 Idarose Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Enl. April 23, 1917. Appt.
Pvt 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. Oct. 18, 1917.
Hon. Disch. April 10, 1919.

***WISE, HARRY B.**

Painesville, Ohio.
Enl. June 4, 1917. Appt.
Pvt. 1 cl Oct. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

***WISLER, WALTER, A.**

Wakrusa, Ind.
Enl. April 26, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***WITT, FRED R.**

1559 Crawford Road,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 15, 1917. Appt.
Bugler Sept. 1, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

WRAGG, FRANCIS R.

9706 Empire Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 24, 1917. Appt.
Pvt. 1 cl Sept. 1, 1917. Pvt
1 cl to Corp. Oct. 18, 1917.
Trans. as Corp. to 37th Div.
Hq. April 15, 1918.

***WRIGHT, COY.**

Big Springs, Ky.

Enl. April 29, 1918. Assgd.
to Btry. A June 10, 1918.
Trans. to Camp Taylor De-
tachment Feb. 23, 1919, for
Hon. Disch.

***WRIGHT, JOHN M.**

Ontario Street, North Hill,
Akron, Ohio.

Enl. May 29, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

WYLLIE, JOHN R.

1912 E. 70th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. April 17, 1917. Appt.
Sup. Sgt. fr. Pvt. Aug. 3,
1917. Hon. Disch. to accept
commission as 2nd Lieut. Dec.
18, 1917.

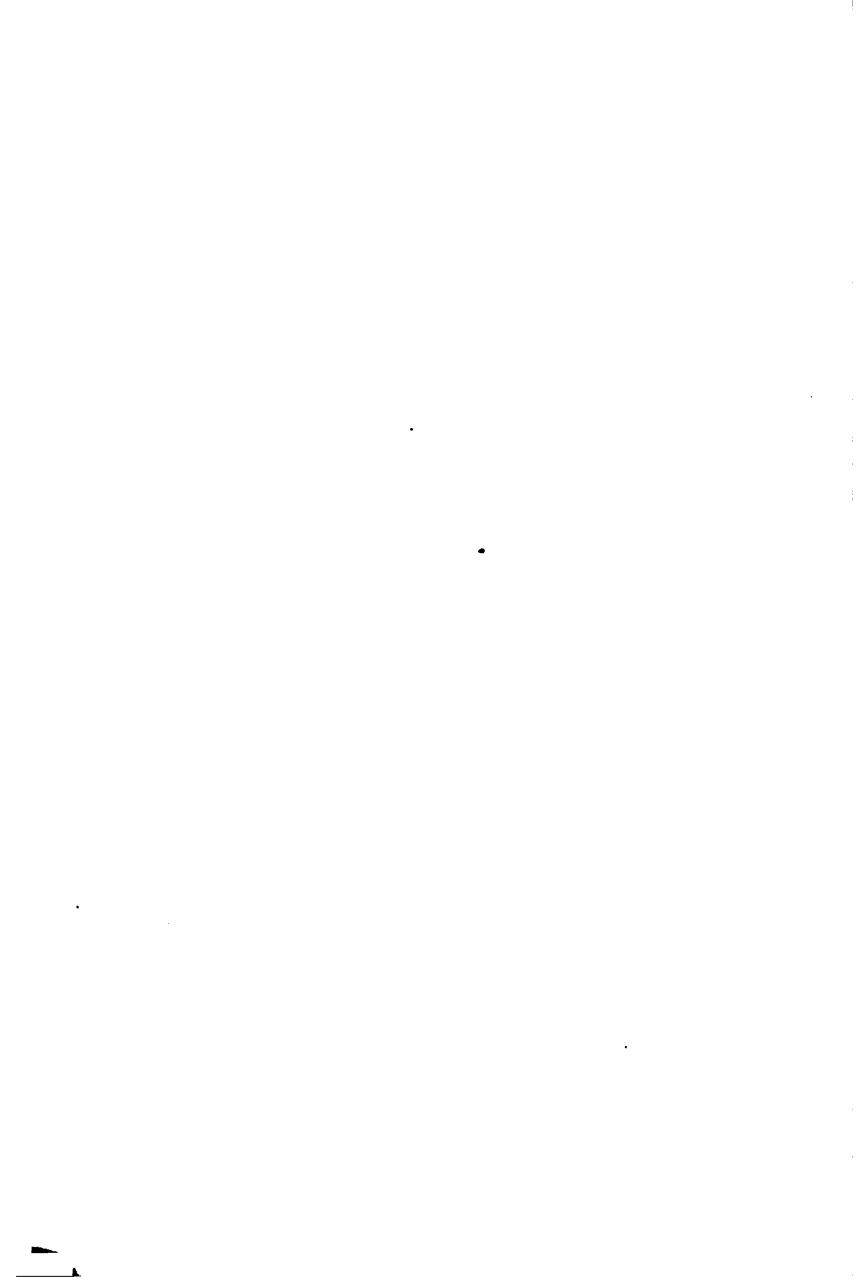
***ZINGER, CLARENCE W.**

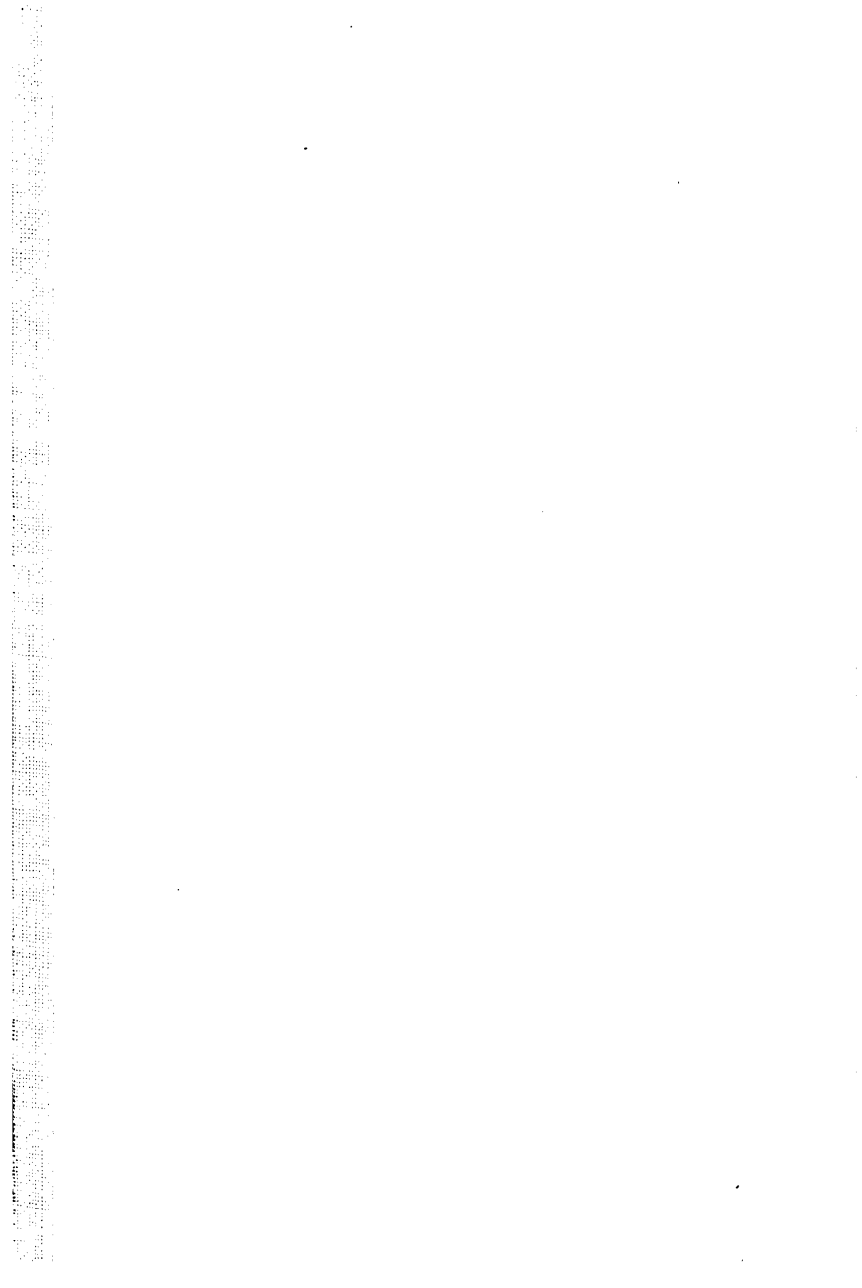
2623 E. 73rd Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enl. Aug. 28, 1917. Hon.
Disch. April 10, 1919.

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